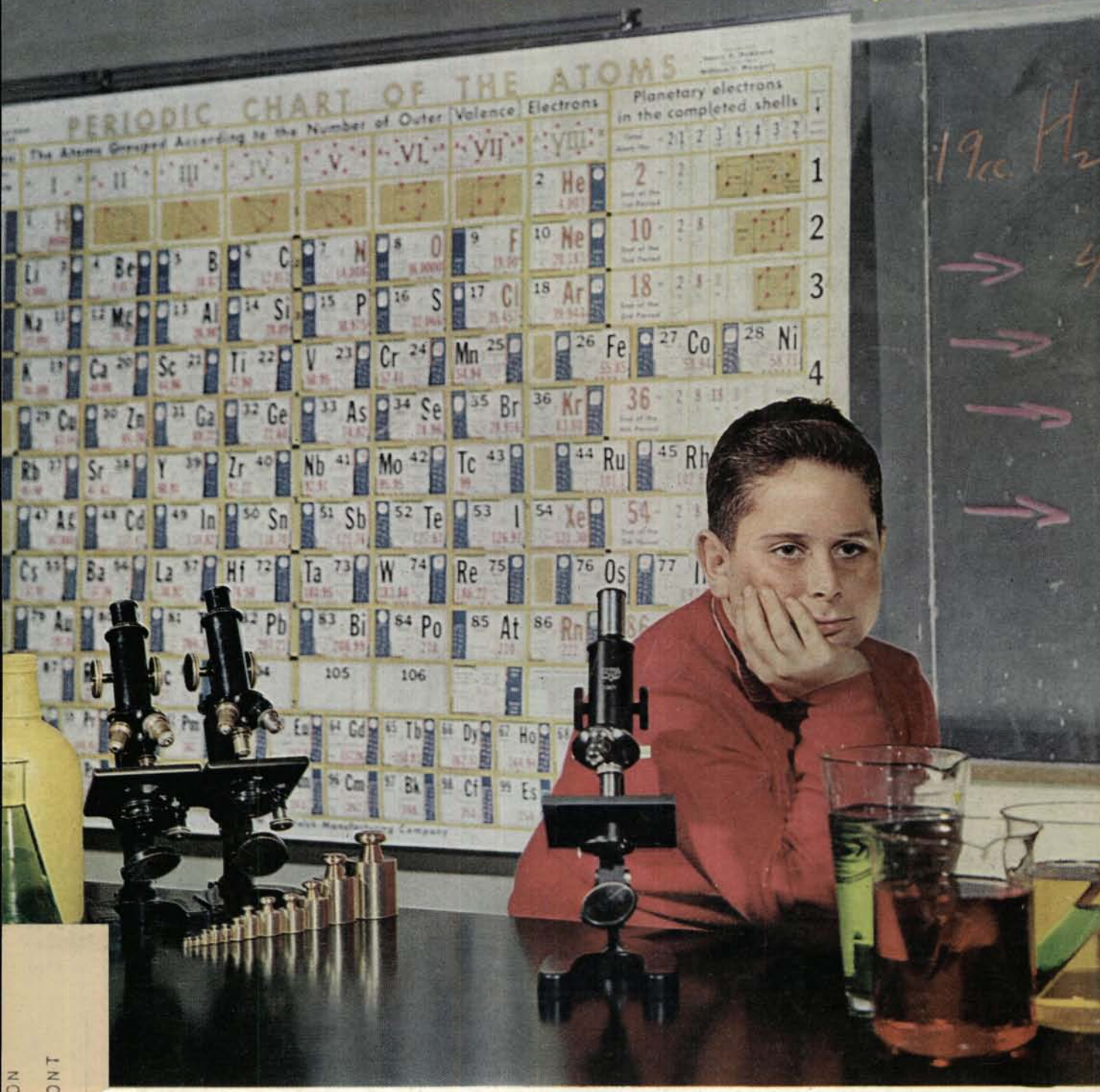
Saturday Review

July 17, 1965 25¢



"Science News in the Classroom," by Ainslie H. Drummond, Jr. (See Education)

SHOULD THE ARTIST COME TO THE CAMPUS?

By James A. Perkins

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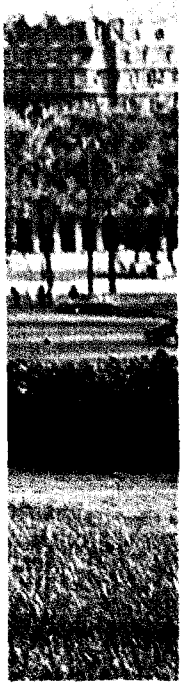

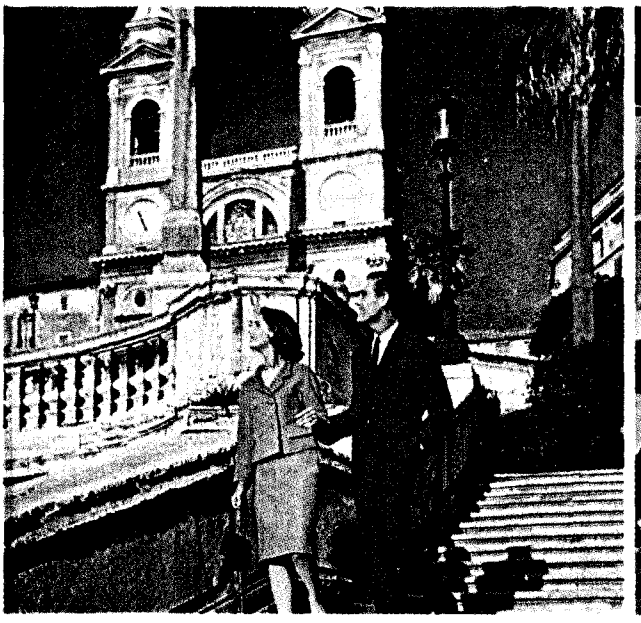

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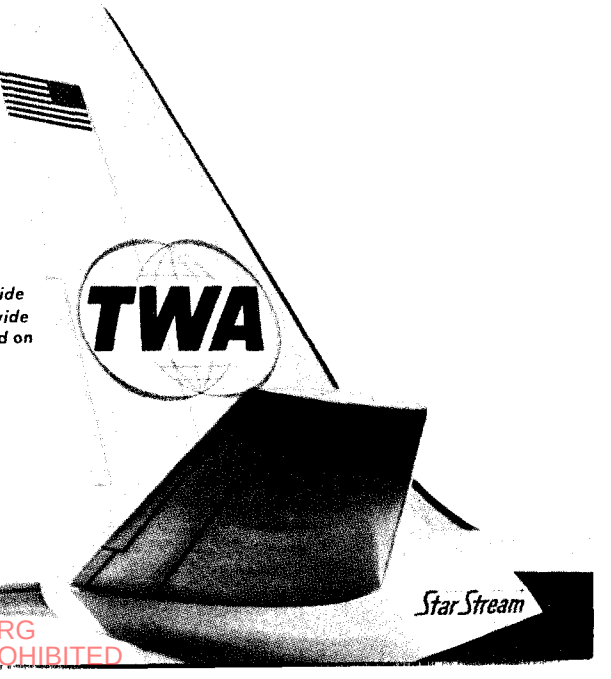

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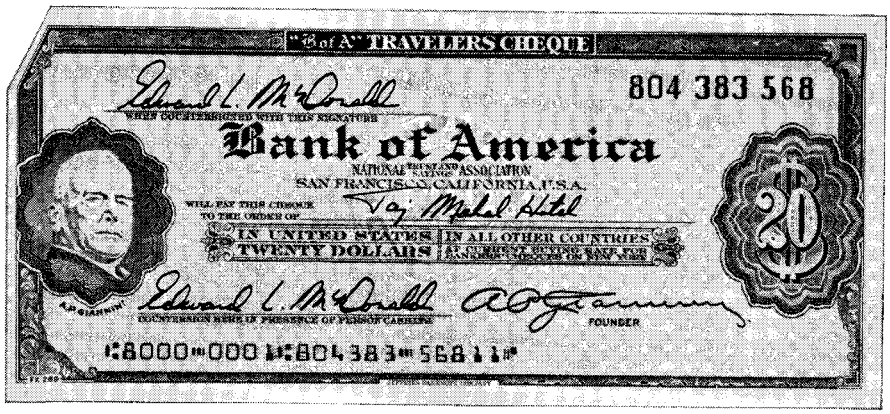

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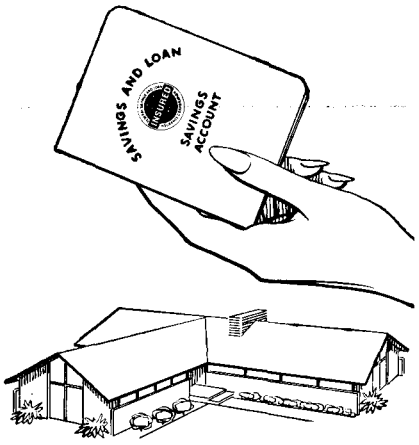

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Rating Week

Edited by Martin Levin

Swell 7—Our Leader

THE Swellograph is an instrument used by the American millwork industry to measure the absorption of water and consequent swelling of wood, generally before and after treatment with a preservative. The testing process is simple: an oblong piece of wood is lowered into a water cylinder and clamped firmly into place. The top clamp is connected, via a spring-and-wheel mechanism, to a needle, which traces on a revolving drum the degree of swelling in the wood sample.

A few months ago Drs. E. E. Singleton and C. H. Rabowsky, two sociologists at Sierra College, succeeded in hooking a Swellograph up with a Comumatic 815, one of the most sophisticated computers in use today. Instead of testing wood, however, the professors purport to measure what they call the Ego-Factor of individuals and groups, on a scale ranging from 0 ("A human vegetable," said Dr. Singleton) to 10 ("a perfect egomaniac").

"Of course," said Dr. Rabowsky, "the rating depends upon the information we feed into the Comumatic 815. If, for example, we programed President Johnson as a ruthless dictator and fed in parts of his speeches out of context we'd get a perfect Ego-Factor—or a Swell, as we call it informally—of 10." Dr. Singleton interrupted hastily to note that the President was only a Swell 7, "which is quite normal for a politician of national rank."

"Occasionally," Dr. Rabowsky continued, "we can feed in a picture. Take this one, for example." He produced an advertisement showing Massachusetts Governor John A. Volpe sitting at his desk, smiling, talking to another man, whose back was to the camera. The caption read: "Businessman-Governor John A. Volpe and his new Commissioner of Commerce and Development, T. W. Schulenberg, P. E., plan a new degree of orientation toward the needs of the business community." Etc. "I'm afraid," said Dr. Rabowsky, "that Governor Volpe rated as Swell 10 for that one. He could have at least shown us the other fellow's profile."

"We haven't come across many Swell 10's," said Dr. Singleton. "Most of our subjects have been Americans, but we did do early runs on a few foreigners. As you might imagine, Duvalier, Castro, Franco, and Nasser all turned out as Swell 10's. The only American 10's we've found so far are Governor Wallace of Alabama, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Jerry Lewis, and David Ogilvy. John O'Hara was a 10 until some of his novels were run through, which brought him down to about an 8. You see that we're skipping around quite a bit. We thought that would be more interesting than if we stayed in, say, politics or Hollywood.

The average American is, according to Professors Singleton and Rabowsky, a Swell 4. "That's blushing a little at compliments," said Dr. Singleton, "but Swell 4's do have a pretty stable Ego-Factor. They're depressed occasionally but manage to get along most of the time without the need for too much ego boosting." Dr. Singleton pointed out that most of the subjects run through the Comumatic 815 and Swellograph have turned out to have Ego-Factors greater than 5. "But that's not surprising. After all, isn't it the need to shine that makes a person well known?"

"It's rare that we get a celebrity with a rating lower than Swell 5," said Dr. Rabowsky. To date the only Swell 4's they have encountered are Barry Goldwater and Chief Justice Earl Warren. ("It's hard to believe, isn't it?" asked Dr. Rabowsky. "But they're both apparently extremely humble men.")

Vice President Humphrey, the professors discovered, was only a Swell 6, which put him in the same category as Walter Cronkite, ACLU members, cab drivers, and Casey Stengel. At the Swell 7 level are, in addition to President Johnson, James Reston, Arthur Krock ("It's a nice match-up," commented Dr. Singleton), Sargent Shriver, Ed Sullivan, James Baldwin, David Brinkley, Rolls Royce owners, and Navy admirals.

Swell 8's ("Reality is beginning to get out of focus at times here," said Dr. Singleton) include Red Barber, Richard Nixon, Billy Graham, H. L. Hunt, Chet Huntley, apartment house doormen, admirers of Ian Fleming, American Communists, lawyers, truck drivers, Army generals, corporation presidents, CIA spies, Army cooks and Bentley owners.

As for Swell 9's, Dr. Singleton cautioned: "You draw your own conclusions." They include J. Edgar Hoover, Robert Moses, Senator Dirksen, Walt Disney, Senator Robert Kennedy, Kansas City Athletics owner Charles Finley, Joseph Welch, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Werner von Braun, sports columnists, customs inspectors, newspaper

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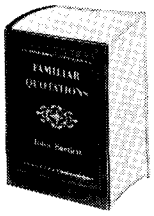

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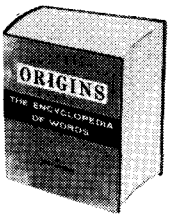

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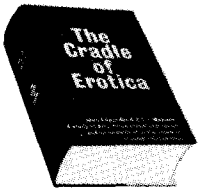

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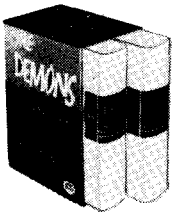

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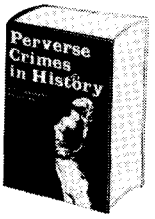

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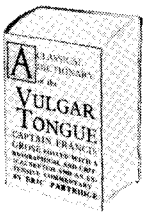

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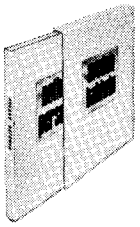

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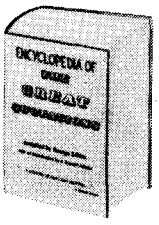

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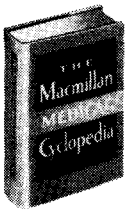

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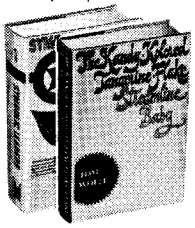

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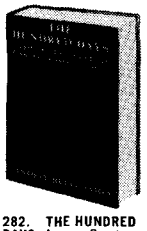

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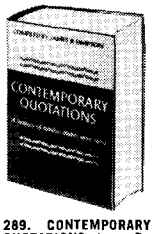

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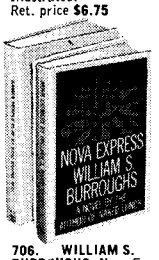

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critics of television, doctors, Air Force generals, disc jockeys, and the editor of *Harper's* who was responsible for printing an entire article in French.

Both professors seemed to anticipate the next question. "Oh, we know you're wondering what our Ego-Factors are. Right now we're both quite stable 5's, but who knows what might happen if the results of our research ever got printed in some national magazine?" Yes, that was the next question. "Well," said Dr. Singleton, "in that case we might go up the scale a Swell or two." And if that happened would the two professors consent to another interview after they had perhaps received a foundation grant to program another batch of celebrities?

"Certainly," answered Dr. Singleton. "What do you say to that, Dr. Rabowsky?"

"Sounds like a swell idea to me." The two men laughed at their little joke, unplugged the Comumatic 815 and went off to their 10 o'clock classes.

—Parker H. Kendall.

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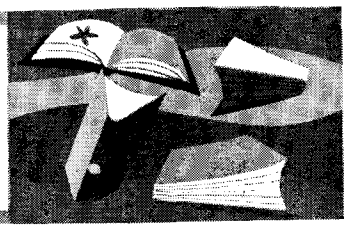
1. Whether you pull the plug out by its wire, or the plug itself.
2. Whether you remember to plan ahead for Whom instead of Who.
3. Whether you remembered to turn off the basement light.
4. Whether you have read all the books you are supposed to, especially *War and Peace*.
5. Whether your French, German, and memory are as good as they used to be.
6. Whether you Fill Out Warranty Card and Return Immediately. Especially if you look at the fine print on the bottom.
7. Whether you put coffee grounds down the drain.
8. Whether you keep sending Christmas cards to the people who had the cabin next to yours at Twin Lake Resort, Rathdrum, Idaho, in 1948.
9. Whether a list has a nice round number of items on it, like—say—ten.

—Tom Burnam.

Trade Winds



When publishers Larry Hill and Arthur Wang brought out their book *Jokes for Children* (now in its fourth printing), they put their imprint on the back jacket directly underneath a cartoon showing a fat man riding a small donkey and a small man riding a big elephant. It wasn't long before an alert moppet named Cheryl Martin, of Allison Park, Pennsylvania noticed the juxtaposition and wrote:

> Dear Mr. Hill and Mr. Wang: I saw your picture on the back of the book called *Jokes for Children*. It gave me a good laugh. It is a very funny picture. I think everybody likes it and thinks its funny. You are very good artists. Sincerely, Cheryl Martin.

No sooner had this philosophical observation arrived than another came from a youngster named Jimmie Larkin:

> Dear Hill and Wang: I like your Joke book very much Jokes for Children has the funniest Jokes in it. I like it better than any of your books. One of your book readers. Jimmie Larkin. RSVP

Neither of the Messrs. Hill and Wang seems perturbed by the mistaken identity. The book is going merrily on its way, and one of their visiting adult authors was observed in the reception room laughing his head off at it.

One question posed by books like this is: What's the difference between adult humor and children's? When you get right down to it, the younger set these days is often so far ahead of their parents that sophistication seems to be working its way backward through the generations.

For instance, it wasn't too long ago that an eight-year old asked us, "What's black and white and red all over?" Very patronizingly, we explained that this gag had been around for some time, and everybody knew that the answer was a newspaper.

"Wrong!" snapped the midget joke-teller. "It's an embarrassed zebra!"

Jokes come in waves, and what the tides will wash up next is totally unpredictable. Over the years there have been the Moron Jokes, the Knock-Knock Jokes, the Little Audrey Jokes, the Elephant Jokes, the Wind-Up Doll Jokes, and, more recently, the Sick Jokes. There are few sights more thought-provoking than a benign cherub of about six, beaming up at you with the smile of a choir boy and saying: "Have you heard the one about the little child who said, 'Mommy, mommy, the house is on fire!'" And the mommy says, 'Shut up and get the marshmallows!'"

Fortunately, *Jokes for Children* manages to avoid gags of this ilk, but as a conscientious journalist we feel an obligation to report the seamy side as well as the sunny.

While we're at it, therefore, we may as well plunge ahead and relate another one that took us slightly aback. A ten-year-old monster drifted into our kitchen not long ago and said:

> Mary had a little lamb.
> The doctor fainted.

Courage, however, can be gained by recalling that in older generations things were probably just as bad. Back in the 1920s kids were singing a song:

> We are devils
> Filthy little devils
> We leave a trail of blood where'er we tread.
> Our greatest delight
> Is turning out the light
> And punching little babies in the head—until they're dead.

And who can forget this treasure from the poems our mother taught us?

> Lizzie Borden took an axe
> And gave her mother forty whacks;
> When she saw what she had done
> She gave her father forty-one.

So be of good cheer. There's hope for the future. Look how well *we* turned out. Or did we? —John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1631)

Era Zistel:
THE GENTLE PEOPLE

Goats are exceedingly clever, especially when it comes to escaping. One evening after I had left them, I sneaked back again and peered through the barn window. Soon I saw Penny, the shrewdest of the lot, reach over her gate and with amazing dexterity, flip up the hook.

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The day the adjectives ran out

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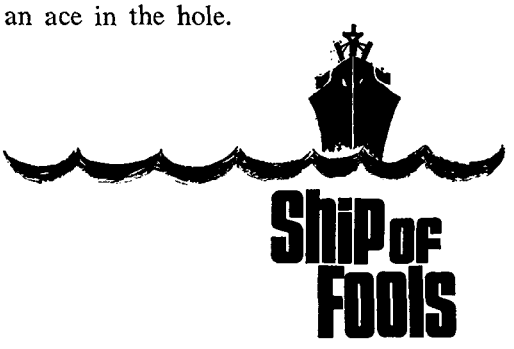

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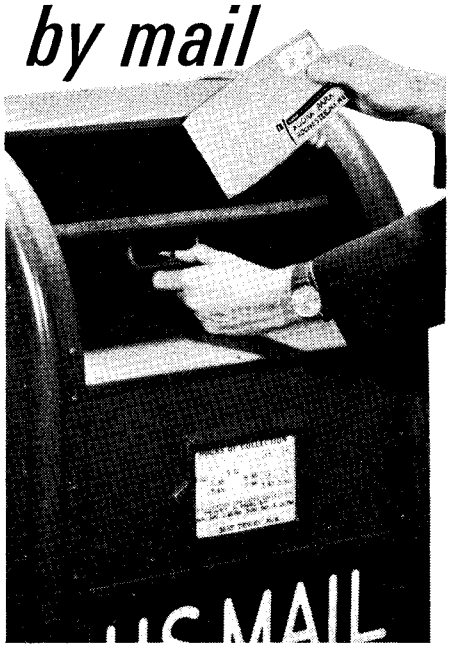

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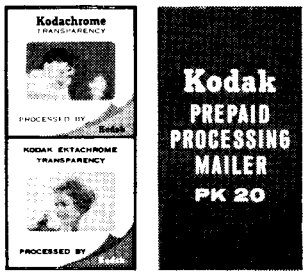

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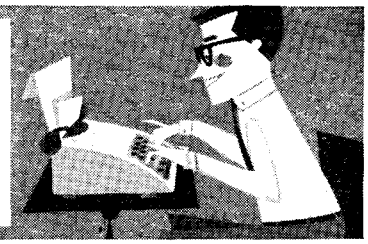
Top of My Head



The Curtain Slowly Descends

IT HAS just begun to sink in. Judy Holliday is dead. At a time like this what good is it being a writer? Here I sit before a machine with a handful of alphabet staring up at me and the only words that seem to form are *sorry, loss, solace,* and all those futile clichés that go with messages of condolence.

My acquaintance with this finest and most sensitive of the theater's comediennes began some fifteen years ago when I was writing the *Big Show,* starring Tallulah Bankhead, radio's last gasp before the onslaught of television. This hour-and-a-half big-name presentation was a weekly series on NBC, and each show found its guest list peopled with six or seven of the most glamorous names in entertainment.

So it was only natural that Judy should have been one of our earliest guests after her triumph as Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday.* She did a scene from Garson Kanin's comedy hit and of course she was perfection. But it was in the dialogue that followed, attendant to some chatting our guests always did with Miss Bankhead, that I began to realize that this dumb blonde, Billie Dawn, was the very antithesis of this brilliant woman, Judy Holliday.

Judy was a worrisome girl. She read each line we wrote for her on that first show, and for the many subsequent shows to which she was invited back, with a keen and searching mind, arguing whether a line fit the character she played, whether the comedic line was properly motivated by the straight line. She gave us hours of rewrite and rerewrite, until she was contented with what she had to speak.

But with Judy it was for me always a labor of love. We knew we would always get a bright and shining performance—an understanding reading filled with shaded nuances and a delivery that was timed to the split second for the audience response we were seeking.

The character we developed for her on the show was in the mold of Billie Dawn. She was to be a little suspicious of the glamorous Miss Bankhead—a little timid yet still ready to grapple with this formidable and unpredictable figure.

"A superb characterization, Judy," Miss Bankhead said when the scene from the play had ended. "Come on over and let's chat."

And Judy, looking her over carefully, said: "About what?"

"Why Judy, whenever an actress comes on our show we always have to talk."

"Why?"

"People expect it. This is the *Big Show.*"

"No wonder you're here for an hour and a half. If you didn't talk so much you could be home in a half-hour like everybody else."

And so on.

The Judy Holliday trademark was on every line. Just as it was in the excerpt from *Born Yesterday,* which she performed for us that night. It was the scene with the newspaperman who has been hired by Judy's gauche husband to make a soft and well-spoken lady of her. This was their first meeting, and he said, "Billie—that's a sort of an odd name, isn't it?"

"What are you talkin'? Half the kids I know are named it. Anyway, it's not my real name."

"What is?"

"Holy smoke! Emma."

"What's the matter?"

"Do I look like an Emma?"

"No, you don't look like a Billie, either."

"So what do I look like?"

"You look like a delightful girl."

(*Pause.*)

"Lemme ask you, are you one of them talkers or would you be innarested in a little action?"

A line still quoted fifteen years later.

AND yet—and when I say this I genuflect admiringly in the direction of the brilliant Garson Kanin and the genius of his playwriting from title to final curtain—and yet, even in print these lines hold the magic of Judy; one still hears her voice, her inflections, her own personal idiom.

Three years ago I was writing an hour special for her on television. From the start she was intrigued with the concept. She laughed aloud at the comedy lines when she first read the script. Then one day she phoned me. Her agile mind had been at work picking out little things here and there, phrasing, reconstructing, timing, wondering if the character's reactions were true. I said, "Judy, the trouble with you is you ask too many

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logical questions." She asked if we could meet later in the day to discuss it. I agreed.

While I waited for her in the lobby of my hotel, I thought we'd go to a quiet spot in some elegant restaurant and over a cup of coffee come to some sort of compromise. She showed up in the lobby wearing some tight-fitting jeans, sneakers, her hair in disarray, and wearing a catcher's mitt. She had been playing ball with her son in the park. The restaurant bit was out. We went to my office, where we made some minor changes. The next day the show went on the air.

The morning after the show the reviews came out. They were divided. But two of the local critics had said, "Too bad Miss Holliday couldn't rise above the material." That evening I found in the box at the hotel a note delivered by hand by Miss Holliday. I've never disclosed this before. I've never shown it to the critics or to anyone else. This is the note:

Dear Goody:

I had to tell you that I thought the reviews with the exception of the *Times* and *Telegram* were most unfair. I know it's traditional to blame the writing. It's almost a reflex action. But in this case it was unwarranted and unjust. I thought the material was excellent. The fault, I'm sorry to say, lay with the performance. I just didn't go that extra step to mastery. Love, Judy.

Suddenly, midway through life, she's gone. And from the depth of our loss we, like Judy, ask one logical question. Why? —GOODMAN ACE.

Drawing the Cat

By May Swenson

MAKES a platform for himself:
forepaws bent under his chest,
slot-eyes shut in a corniced head,
haunches high like a wing chair,
hindlegs parallel, a sled.

As if on water, low afloat
like a wooden duck: a bundle not
apt to be tipped, so symmetrized
on hidden keel of tail he rides
squat, arrested, glazed.

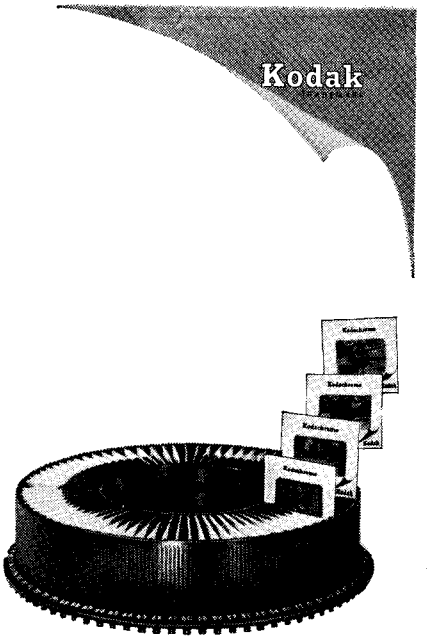
Lying flat, a violin:
hips are splayed, head and chin
sunk on paws, stem straight out
from the arched root
at the clef-curve of the thighs.

Wakes: the head ball rises.
Claws sprawl. Wires
go taut, make a wicket of his spine.
He humps erect, with scimitar yawn
of hooks and needles porcupine.

Sits, solid as a doorstop,
tail-encircled, tip laid on his toes,
ear-tabs stiff, gooseberry eyes
full, unblinking, sourly wise.
In outline: a demijohn with a pewter look.

Swivels, bends a muscled neck:
petal-of-tulip-tongue slicks
the brushpoint of his tail to black,
then smooths each glossy epaulette
with assiduous sponge.

Whistle him into a canter
into the kitchen: tail hooked aside,
ears at the ready. Elegant copy
of carrousel pony—
eyes bright as money.



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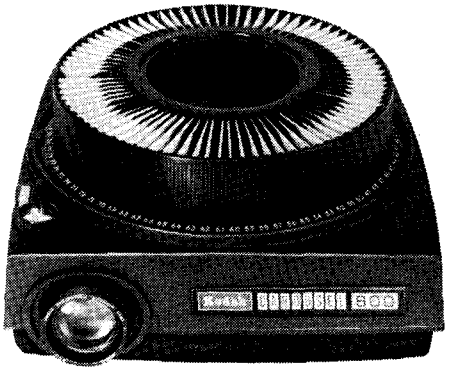

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Saturday Review
July 17, 1965

LEARNING TO LIVE WITH SCIENCE

Is man finally outgrowing his fear of technology and coming to accept the probability that one day he may be able to do almost anything he wants?

By EMMANUEL G. MESTHENE, *executive director of the Harvard University Program on Technology and Society.*

IT WAS Gilbert Murray who first used the celebrated phrase "the failure of nerve." Writing about ancient Greek religions, Murray characterized as a failure of nerve the change of temper that occurred in Hellenistic civilization around the turn of the era. The Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. believed in the ultimate intelligibility of the universe. There was nothing in the nature of existence or of man that was inherently unknowable. They accordingly believed also in the power of the human intelligence to know all there was to know about the world, and to guide man's career in it.

The wars, increased commerce, and infiltration of Oriental cultures that marked the subsequent period brought with them vicissitude and uncertainty that shook this classic faith in the intelligibility of the world and in the capacity of men to know and to do. There was henceforth to be a realm of knowledge available only to God, not achievable by human reason. Men, in other words, more and more turned to God to do for them what they no longer felt confident to do for themselves. That was the failure of nerve.

I think things are changing. I doubt that there are many men today who would question that life will be produced in the laboratory, that psychologists and their personality drugs will soon reveal what really makes men tick, that scientific prediction is a far more promising guide to the future than divination, and that the heavens cannot long remain mysterious in the face of our ability to hit the moon today and the stars tomorrow. In a recent article, Daniel Bell characterized this new-found faith as follows: "Today we feel that there are no inherent secrets in the universe . . . and this is one of the significant changes in the modern moral temper." I would say, indeed, that this is a major implication of our new world of science and technology. We are witnessing a widespread recovery of nerve.

Paradoxically, this taking on of new courage is tending at the same time to produce an opposite reaction, vague but disturbingly widespread. At the same time that we admire the new machines we build—the ones that play chess, and translate Russian, and catch and correct their own mistakes, and tend each other—we also begin to fear them. We fear them in two ways—one that we talk about, and one that we joke about.

WE talk quite openly about our fear that machines may take away jobs, deprive people of work. But we dare only to joke about our fear that machines will replace people, not only as workers, but as people. Already they do arithmetic better than any of us. How much longer can it be before they make people obsolete? This fear is part of our technological world, but I see it only as derivative. I think it has its roots in a deeper, moral implication.

Some who have seen farthest and most clearly in recent decades have warned of a growing imbalance between man's capabilities in the physical and in the social realms. John Dewey, for example, said: "We have displayed enough intelligence in the physical field to create the new and powerful instrument of science and technology. We have not as yet had enough intelligence to use this instrument deliberately and systematically to control its social operations and consequences." Dewey said this more than thirty years ago, before television, before atomic power, before electronic computers, before space satellites. He had been saying it, moreover, for at least thirty years before that. He saw early the problems that would arise when man learned to do anything he wanted before he learned what he wanted.

I think the time Dewey warned about is here. My more thoughtful scientific friends tell me that we now have, or know how to acquire, the technical capability to do very nearly anything we want. Can we transplant human hearts, control personality, order the weather that suits us, travel to Mars or to Venus? Of course we can, if not now or in five or ten years, then certainly in twenty-five, or in fifty or a hundred. If each of us examined the extent of his own restored faith in the essential intelligibility of the world, we might find that we have recovered our nerve to the point that we are becoming almost nervy. (I think, incidentally, that this recovery of nerve largely explains the current crisis of the churches. After twenty centuries of doing man's work, they are now having to learn how to do God's. The Ecumenical Council is evidence that the long but false war between religion and science is ended, and that we are once more

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facing Augustine's problem, to distinguish what is God's and what is man's.)

If the answer to the question "What can we do?" is "Anything," then the emphasis shifts far more heavily than before onto the question "What should we do?" The commitment to universal intelligibility entails moral responsibility. Abandonment of the belief in intelligibility 2,000 years ago was justly described as a failure of nerve because it was the prelude to moral surrender. Men gave up the effort to be wise because they found it too hard. Renewed belief in intelligibility 2,000 years later means that men must take up again the hard work of becoming wise. And it is much harder work now, because we have so much more power than the Greeks. On the other hand, the benefits of wisdom are potentially greater, too, because we have the means at hand to *make* the good life, right here and now, rather than just to go on contemplating it in Plato's heaven.

The question "What should we do?" is thus no idle one but challenges each one of us. That, I think, is the principal moral implication of our new world. It is what all the shouting is about in the mounting concern about the relations of science and public policy, and about the impact of technology on society. Our almost total mastery of the physical world entails a challenge to the public intelligence of a degree heretofore unknown in history.

BUT how do we come to grips with the challenge? How do we pull together and learn to use the knowledge we already have, and in using it learn the other things we need to know? What do the implications of our great contemporary scientific and technical spurt forward add up to? I do not have the answers, but I should like to propose some hypotheses.

My first hypothesis is that the time will come when machines will put most people permanently out of work. What will happen to people when there is no longer work for them to do? Consider the foreman in a steel plant. He brings thirty years' experience to one of the half-dozen really crucial jobs in the mill. At the critical point in the process, it is his trained eye that tells him the molten metal is ready to pour, and it is his well-developed sense of timing and steady hand that tip the cauldron synchronously with the processes that precede and follow. For this he is well paid, and can provide for his family perhaps better than the average. For this, too, he is looked up to by his fellows. They seek him out as a friend. He has prestige at his work, status in the town, and the respect of his children. He belongs. He contributes. He is needed.

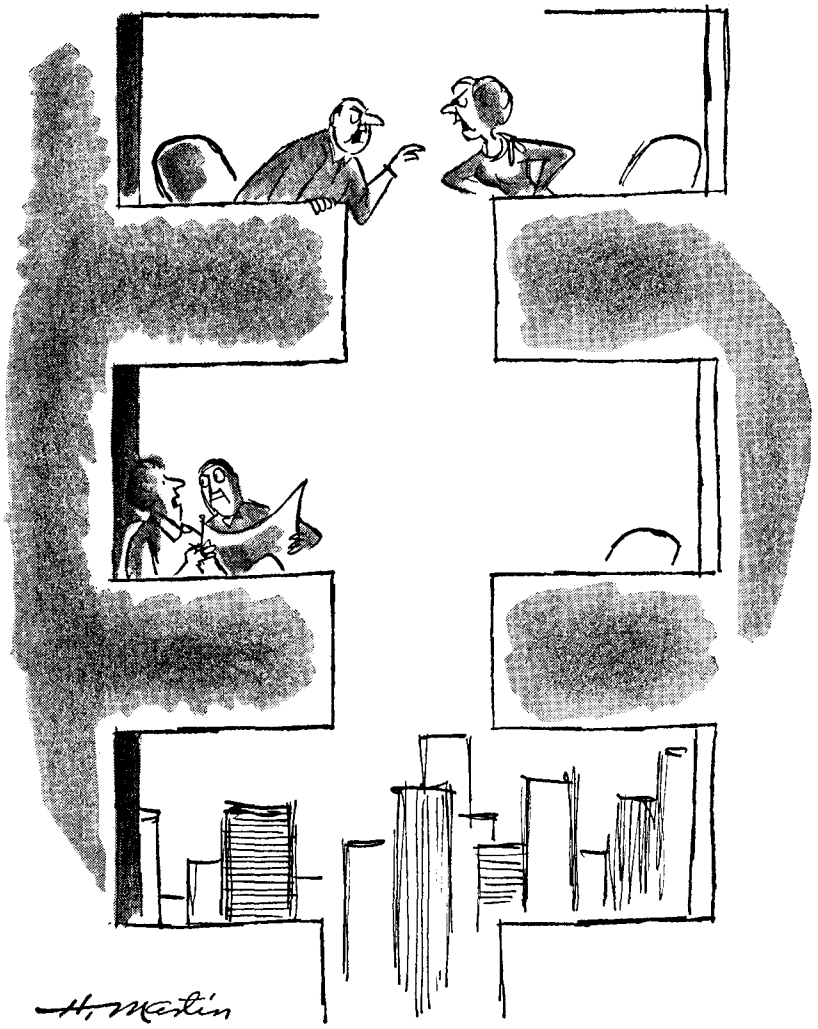
Then you move in a machine that takes his job away, and does it better. What happens to this man? What happens to his many juniors at the mill whose aspiration was to an achievement like his? One of the pervasive characteristics of our civilization has been the identification of life's meaning with life's work. The evidence is strong in the problem of the aged: how do they fight the conviction that their life is done, that the world could do very well, perhaps better, without them? Are we heading toward a time when society will be burdened with a problem of the aged beginning in most cases at age twenty, because there will no longer be work to enter upon, let alone retire from, at the age of sixty-five?

Among the suggestions for banishing this specter are two that do not impress me much. The first is essentially a cry of anguish. Stop automation! Stop making more and more complicated machines! What business have we going to the moon, or tampering with life and heredity? Life is difficult enough without going out of our way to make it more so.

All the odds are against the success of that kind of solution. The technologies of the atom bomb, the automobile, the industrial revolution, gunpowder, all provoked social dislocations accompanied by similar demands that they be stopped. But there is clearly no stopping. Aristotle said a long time ago that "man by nature desires to know." He will probe and learn all that his curiosity leads him to and his brain makes possible, until he is dead. The cry of "stop" is the fear reaction I talked about earlier. It comes from those who have not yet recovered their nerve.

A second suggestion, specifically aimed at the prospect of loss of work, is that we find better ways to employ leisure. There is a whole literature growing up on this theme, and I think it should be encouraged. Other things being equal, and given my own biases, it is better to read a good book than to watch television, or to play a Beethoven quartet than listen to the Beatles. But leisure activity, no matter how uplifting and educational, is not a substitute for work. The very concept loses meaning in the absence of the correlative concept of "work." No, I do not think that is the happiest solution.

But then that may not be the problem either. My second hypothesis is that my first hypothesis is wrong. Machines might not in fact put a significant num-



"If you ask me, they're arguing even more since the divorce."

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ber of people out of work permanently. It might just be that machines will simply take over the kinds of work that people have done up to now, and that people will then be freed, not to become problems to themselves and to society, but to do entirely new kinds of work that have hardly been thought about seriously because there has not yet been a serious possibility that they could be done.

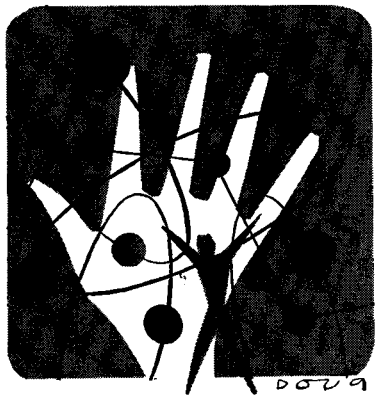
It is often said, for example, that as work in agriculture and industry is progressively mechanized, job opportunities in the service sector of the economy will increase and absorb released manpower. I assume that production processes will not be mechanized except as machines prove more efficient than human labor. There should then follow a significant increment in wealth, which, adequately distributed, could buy more of the services already available, from baby-sitting to education and government and from better waiters to art and religion. The structure of the work force might thus be altered significantly.

Even more exciting is the possibility that the nature of service itself might be altered. I suggest a trivial, perhaps ridiculous example. Doubled police forces and quadrupled sanitation forces could give us, for the first time, really safe and really clean cities. Put 20,000 people into the streets every day to catch the cigarette butts before they even hit the ground, and you might have a clean city.

Inherently, there is nothing ridiculous about a clean city. If the suggestion makes one smile, it is rather because such use of people, by today's standards, is ridiculously uneconomical. People are more efficiently employed to produce the goods we consume. But if machines will be doing most of that, then maybe people can be employed to produce the services, such as street-cleaning or teaching, that we would like to have more of it we could.

Consider another example. One of the genuinely new and exciting ideas of the Kennedy Administration, I think, was the Peace Corps, the idea that young Americans in large numbers could, by example, help less favored peoples to help themselves. Imagine a Peace Corps 50,000,000 strong in Africa, released by machines to pour the kind of sweat that machines will never pour. This is the kind of service that can anticipate, peacefully and constructively, the ugly danger that the have-nots of the world will resort to uncontrollable violence as the gap between their expectations and reality widens. It is also the kind of service that might provide to individuals a satisfaction and a goal to life undreamed of by today's assembly-line worker in Detroit, however fully employed. From such a perspective, the new machines and the new technologies may spell, not the end of the world, but the beginning of a new one. We might begin to see, for the first time, what God meant when he said that the meek shall inherit the earth.

There has been a long tradition that divides work into creative and intellectual for the few, and routine and mechanical for the many. There has grown up around that distinction (although we are told that that was not yet true in the time of the Greeks) a moral judgment: that the first kind of work was for superior people, and the second for inferior people. There then occurred, I think, one of those curious inversions of history whereby an effect is later seen as cause. The reason the majority of people did routine and mechanical work, we were told, was that that was the only kind of



work they were fit to do, because they were inferior.

It seems to me much more plausible, however, that the reason the majority of people have done routine and mechanical work is that there has been a very great deal of routine and mechanical work to do. I am not denying that some people are more gifted than other people. But it seems to me that we have not yet been motivated to inquire sufficiently into how many people of what kinds can do what, because there has up to now been so much routine and mechanical work to do that most people have necessarily been impressed into doing it.

I suggest also that it is this same imperative of a great deal of routine and mechanical work to do that has led to the ivory-tower syndrome on the part of creative, intellectual workers. I doubt that artists and scientists have typically detached themselves from the world because they liked it that way. The cry for application of knowledge, at least since Francis Bacon, and the essential need of the artist to communicate preclude that view. I suspect, rather, that there may be another reversal of cause and effect here: that the ivory tower may be symptomatic of a world by necessity too preoccupied with the routine and mechanical to generate a real demand for the product of the artist and the scholar. It is no accident that art and philosophy were the exclusive province of the freemen, not the slaves, in Greece, or that science, even in our own age, has for most of its history been indulged in by the gifted amateur who was rich in fact or by philanthropy.

And now machines will do the routine and mechanical work of the world. Very large numbers of human resources will be released and available for services to mankind beyond those required for subsistence. The need to discover the nature of this new kind of work, to plan it and to do it, just might overcome the traditional gap between the creative and the routine. The many will be challenged, as they have not been before, to rise to their maximum potentialities. The few—the scholars and the artists—may find that there is a new demand for them in the world, to muster, to shape, and to guide this new force. The two historical judgments that I have criticized as inverted, in other words, might become true from now on in: work could finally become the measure of man, and efficacy the measure of ideas.

What will be the nature of this new work? What goals will it serve? How will it be done? What talents will be needed for it? I do not know the answers to these questions, either. Each, I think, provides an opportunity for imaginative inquiry still to be done. I have undertaken only to state a hypothesis, or, more accurately, to indicate a hunch that precedes hypothesis. My hunch is that man may have finally expiated his original sin, and might now aspire to bliss. I think also that my hunch may hang together historically. Original sin was invented after, and to account for, the failure of nerve. With the recovery of nerve, we do not need the concept any more, and the advance of technology frees us from the drudgery it has imposed.

But freedom from drudgery, as I have suggested, entails a commitment to wisdom. Consider, as one example, the staggering implications for education. Education (in foot-high letters on public billboards) has become a panacean word. But education for what? For whom? What kind of education? And when? There is very little small print on the billboards to answer those questions.

The response of education to the new world of science and technology up to now has taken the form of five principal proposals or goals: 1) more education for more people, 2) educational booster shots in some form of continuing adult education, 3) increased production of scientists and engineers, 4) expanded vocational training, and 5) mid-career refresher training or retraining for a different specialty.

It is hard to quarrel with more education, or with continuing education. With

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respect to the other three goals, however, one can raise the question "For how long?" To be sure, we need more scientists and engineers than we have now, but we already hear warnings that the demand will level off, and it is perhaps not too early to start thinking about a massive effort in the social sciences and the humanities.

Similarly with vocational education. Training in a trade is desirable and useful. But in which trade? Certainly not in those doomed to extinction in the next ten to twenty years. The informal experience of the young people who have recently been crusading in Mississippi and Alabama might prove a much more relevant vocational education for the future that lies ahead of us.

TODAY's best educational judgments, in other words, might turn into tomorrow's worst mistakes, because they depend on forecasting successfully the shape of what is coming. Of course, the judgments must still be made today, despite the risk, despite the increased uncertainties of a world that changes shape rapidly and radically. This is a measure of the difficulty of the modern educator's task. Yet in this very change may lie a relative certainty, with a particular further implication for the job of education. I add a word about that.

There were two ancient Greek philosophers, long before even Socrates haunted the streets of Athens, who had diametrically opposed views about reality. There was Parmenides, who argued that all change is illusory, transitory, imperfect, unreal. And later there was Heraclitus, who saw reality as a flowing river, apparently the same but never the same, to whom all was constant flux and change, and who dismissed the permanent as unreal, as evidence of human imperfection, as a distortion of reality.

I go back to those ancient thinkers, because each gave his name to a major and persistent theme in Western intellectual history. Parmenides, the apostle of the eternal, has had his emulators in Christian theology, in romantic idealism, and in twentieth-century mathematics and logic. The followers of Heraclitus, who saw the world as flux, include the medieval nominalists, the nineteenth-century evolutionary philosophers, and today's existentialists.

Are we Parmenidians or Heracliteans? In our social attitudes, we certainly lean to Parmenides. In our concept of work, the real is the career that holds together, makes sense, and lasts a lifetime. If a man changes jobs too often, we consider him a drifter, or, if we like him, we say he has not yet found his proper work. We see the change as unnatural, unreal, unwanted, and feel much more comfortable with the permanent, the stable.

Similarly with our social institutions. Democracy, capitalism, socialism, the organized faiths—these are the real, the cherished, and any change is transitional, accidental, to be avoided, or dealt with as quickly as possible, to return to the stable, the familiar, the true.

The evidence is becoming compelling that we are going to have to change these attitudes and comfortable habits. Careers are increasingly becoming shorter-lived than people. The complexities of national existence lead to an increasing and inevitable mixing-up of the public and the private. State's rights, that honored mark of eighteenth-century federalism, has become a slogan of those who would have us return to the eighteenth century. The profit motive is being introduced into the Soviet economy, and the world's religions are beginning to talk to each other. All our familiar institutions, in other words, are changing so rapidly and so constantly that the change is becoming more familiar now than the institutions that are changing. The change is the new reality. We are entering an era that might aptly be called Social Heracliteanism.

The challenge to education is indeed staggering. Teachers who have been brought up to cherish the stable must take the children of parents who have been brought up to cherish the stable, and try to teach them that the stable, the unchanging, is unreal, constraining, a false goal, and that they will survive in an age of change to the degree that they become familiar with change, feel comfortable with it, understand it, master and control it.

WHEN that task is done, the recovery of nerve will be complete, because our new technical mastery will have been supplemented by the wisdom necessary to harness it to human ends. John Dewey's dream will have been realized. We will be the masters of our techniques instead of their slaves, and we might just become the first civilization since 500 B.C. to be able to look the Greeks in the face with pride, instead of just with wonder. I do not like to think of the alternative, which is that the people of a century from now will say of us: "Look at the trouble and woe they had with their technology, and look what ours has done for us."

This article is adapted from a talk before the Washington Colloquium on Science and Society.

"This is the businessman's lunch—I ordered the tycoon's lunch!"

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A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BEWILDERMENT

By MARTIN GARDNER

IT WAS just a century ago this month that Macmillan in London published its first edition—two thousand copies—of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Lewis Carroll himself had arranged this date. It had been on July 4, three years earlier, that he and a friend had taken Alice Liddell and her two sisters on a boating trip up the Isis. "On which occasion," Carroll later noted in his diary, "I told them the fairy tale of Alice's adventures underground. . . ." *Through the Looking-Glass* appeared six years later, and the two dreams soon coalesced to become England's greatest fantasy tale.

If anyone had suggested to a Victorian critic that Alice was great literature, he would have been met with an incredulous snort. Clever and amusing, perhaps, but great literature? Reviews of the first *Alice* book were mixed. *The Athenaeum* called it a "stiff, overwrought story" with "square, and grim, and uncouth" illustrations. "Too extravagantly absurd to produce more diversion than disappointment and irritation," said the *Illustrated Times*.

But children and adults loved it, both in England and here, and before twenty years had passed, a hundred thousand copies had been printed. Warren Weaver, in his recent book *Alice in Many Tongues*, lists more than forty languages into which *Alice's Adventures* are now translated. There are several Russian versions, including one written by Vladimir Nabokov when he was a young man living in Germany. ("Not the first Russian translation," he once told a reporter, "but the best.") How can one explain the persistent—indeed, the still growing—popularity of this strange, outlandish dream and its even stranger sequel?

My own view is—though it arouses some Carrollians to a pitch of frenzy—that *Alice* is no longer a children's book. I do not deny that here and there a few unusual children, more in England than here, are still capable of enjoying it, but I believe their number is steadily diminishing. Like *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Huckleberry Finn*, *Alice* has joined that curious list of books that librarians call "children's classics" but which are read and relished mostly by grown-ups. I myself have never met a child who said that *Alice* was one of his or her favorite books, and I have met only two U.S. adults who said they had enjoyed it as a small child. (Please don't write me an angry letter saying you have just read *Alice* to your five-year-old and she *loved* it. Try reading to her *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or Norman Mailer's *American Dream*; you'll find she loves them, too.)

The truth is that, from a modern child's point of view, the *Alice* books are plotless, pointless, unfunny, and more frightening than a monster movie. Let me summon a few distinguished witnesses. Katherine Anne Porter, in a radio panel discussion of *Alice* in 1942, confessed that the book had badly frightened her as a little girl. All those household things going mad and reminding her of the uncertainty and insecurity she felt in an adult world she couldn't understand! Bertrand Russell agreed. *Alice*, he declared flatly, is unsuitable for any child younger than fifteen. "There are many objections to it as a children's book. In fact, I should like to label it 'For Adults Only.'"

"I wonder," said Mark Van Doren, "if the young these days actually do like it as much as children used to like it."

"My experience," replied Lord Russell, "is that they don't, and I think this is because there are so many more children's books now and because, when I was young, it was the only children's book that hadn't got a moral. We all got very tired of the morals in books."

Another great mathematician, Norbert Wiener, tells in his autobiography how Alice's metamorphoses terrified him as a boy, and how it was not until many years later that he learned to value the book. H. L. Mencken, in his autobiography, writes: "I was a grown man, and far gone in sin, before I ever brought myself to tackle *Alice in Wonderland*, and even then I made some big skips."

The original Alice—no longer for children.

For intelligent children over fifteen and adults who, unlike Mencken, are not bored by fantasy, the *Alice* books are rich in subtle humor, social satire, and philosophical depth. Both books, especially the second, are crammed with paradoxical nonsense of exactly the sort that mathematicians and logicians revel in. It is no accident that you are likely to find more references to *Alice* in a book by a modern philosopher of science than in a book by a literary critic. The central symbol in Edward Albee's Broadway enigma, *Tiny Alice*—the infinite regress of the castle in the castle in the castle—is straight out of the looking glass. Alice dreams about the Red King but the Red King, too, is dreaming, and Alice is only a "thing" in *his* dream. This double regress of Alices and kings, into infinitely more dreamlike levels nested in the skulls of each, is a delicious thought to philosophers concerned with separating reality from illusion. But if a small child understands it at all, he is more likely to be upset than amused.

Moreover, Alice swarms with jokes that no American child will catch (*e.g.*, the Ugly Duchess's clever double pun on the proverb "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves"). And there are jokes not even an English child today can understand (*e.g.*, the parodies on poems, now for-

Martin Gardner is the author of the recent study *The Annotated Alice*. The illustrations on these pages are from the recent University Microfilms facsimile edition of Lewis Carroll's manuscript copy of *Alice's Adventures Underground*, the forerunner of *Alice in Wonderland*.

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gotten, that Victorian children memorized). There are even jokes that a child in Carroll's time would not understand unless he was part of the Oxford community (*e.g.*, the three Liddell-little puns in the first verse of the prefatory poem. The last name of Henry Liddell, dean of Christ Church and the father of Alice, rhymed with "middle.") It is all this, from the obscure word plays to the philosophical and mathematical paradoxes, that keeps the *Alice* books alive among adults long after they have ceased to delight the average child.

IT is instructive to compare Carroll with our own greatest writer of fairy tales, L. Frank Baum. On the surface, the two men seem remarkably unalike: Carroll the shy, withdrawn, stammering, prim, devout, celibate teacher of mathematics; Baum the friendly, outgoing father of three boys, a man who acted and sang in his own Broadway shows, published a newspaper in North Dakota before that area became a state, started his own movie company in Hollywood. But underneath their differences they shared a deep love for children (though on Carroll's side, only for little girls), and a genius for entertaining them with brilliantly imagined stories of outrageous comic fantasy.

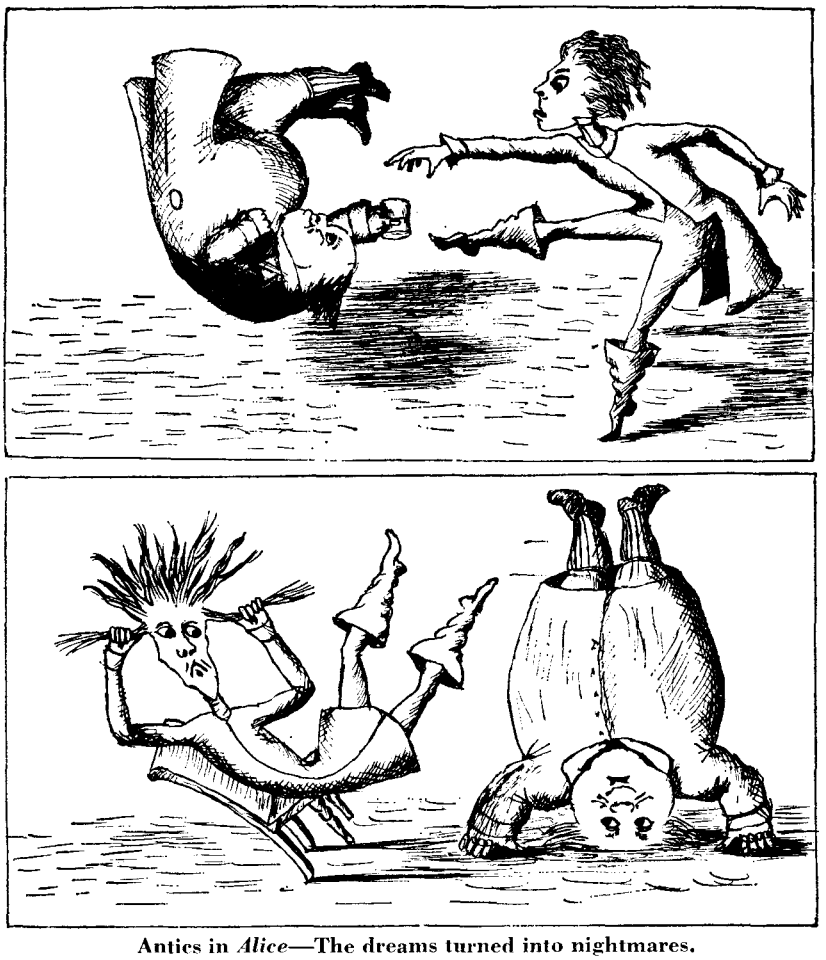
Baum's first juvenile book, *Mother Goose in Prose* (it was the first book, by the way, ever illustrated by Maxfield Parrish), weaves stories around nursery rhymes in a manner comparable to Carroll's episodes about the Tweedle brothers, Humpty Dumpty, the Knave of Hearts, and the Lion and the Unicorn. The title of Baum's book, *A New Wonderland*, published in 1900, is an obvious reference to *Alice*. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, issued the same year, parallels *Alice* in many ways. Like Alice, Dorothy Gale is a healthy, bright, attractive, outspoken, unaffected, supremely self-confident and courageous little girl who suddenly finds herself in a mad world where animals talk and nature behaves in a thousand unexpected ways. Alice drops into wonderland through a rabbit hole. Dorothy is blown to Oz by a cyclone. Mother and Father are conveniently absent from both stories. (Dorothy is an orphan, Alice never thinks about her parents.)

Of course there are also profound differences between the two classics, both in style and content. Baum is less interested in mathematical and word play, more in telling a straightforward adventure story. No one would expect to meet that eminent Oxford linguistic philosopher, Humpty Dumpty, in Baum's Oz; though we do meet a Humpty in *Mother Goose in Prose*, and I suppose Baum's Woggle-Bug and Carroll's egg have much pride and pedantry in common. (The White Knight, wearing yellow armor, turns up as Sir Hocus of Pokes in Ruth Plumly Thompson's *Royal Book of Oz*.) No one would expect to find the Scarecrow or Tin Woodman behind the looking glass. You can no more imagine the Cheshire Cat in Oz than you can imagine Bungles, the glass cat, or Dorothy's cat Eureka in Carroll's wonderland, although the White Rabbit might have strayed from Bunnybury, in the Quadling Country of Oz. This is not the place to detail differences, but surely one outstanding difference is that Baum's characters are, for the most part, as lovable as they are outlandish. They are "Ozzy," but seldom cruel or mad. Oz is a happy Utopia. Indeed, it is so attractive to Dorothy that she finally settled there permanently with Uncle Henry and Aunt Em. Both of Alice's dreams turned into nightmares.

It is a funny little irony of our culture that there are still librarians around who keep *Alice* on the children's shelves and *The Wizard* off. As recently as 1957 Ralph Ulveling, director of the Detroit Public Library, explained in a letter to the *American Library Association Bulletin* (October issue) why his library kept *The Wizard* in its adult stacks only and did not permit it in the children's room. "More than thirty years ago," he wrote, "the decision was made that with so many far better books available for children than was the case when *The Wizard* was first published, the library would simply let the old copies wear out and not replace them. . . . This is not banning, it is selection."

Well, as Humpty said, words can mean whatever we want them to mean. Personally, I find it easier to believe in the Scarecrow than in Mr. Ulveling. My advice is: Give *The Wizard* (in its handsome Dover paperback edition, with its bibliography of Baum's other books) to that ten-year-old; send *Alice* (*The Annotated Alice*, of course) to anyone over fifteen who is bored with reading novels about psychotics in a real world.

Fantasy, said G. K. Chesterton (in his marvelous essay "The Dragon's Grandmother"), reminds us that the soul is sane "but that the universe is wild and full of marvels. Realism means that the world is dull and full of routine, but that the soul is sick and screaming. . . . In the fairy tales the cosmos goes mad; but the hero does not go mad. In the modern novels the hero is mad before the book begins, and suffers from the harsh steadiness and cruel sanity of the cosmos." It is a good bet that both *Alice* and *The Wizard* will be around for many centuries after *Tiny Alice* and *The American Dream*—even that monstrous, million-punned labyrinthine dream of H. C. Earwicker's – have been forgotten by everybody except the collectors and students of twentieth-century curiosa.



Antics in *Alice*—The dreams turned into nightmares.

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The Leadership Crisis

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico. He has recently been closely involved in official efforts to find a solution to the Dominican problem.*

OUR HEMISPHERE is living through a crucial hour. The subtle web of concord and understanding is being dangerously torn asunder. Frequently, what is woven in the daytime is unwoven at night. And now a second Caribbean tragedy is developing, the tragedy of the Dominican Republic. This tragedy is much different from the previous one in Cuba, with which—because of thoughtlessness, or obsession, or faulty information—it was at first confused. One's sympathy must go out to the Dominican people in their present plight. Over the years the Dominican Republic has suffered a bloody fate. Civil struggles, interventions, dictatorships, coups d'état, brief and unstable flashes of democracy followed by more coups d'état, and more civil struggles and interventions have left a confused legacy of poverty, uncertainty, suspicion, rejection, and, in some Dominicans, a stubborn will to correct the past.

How can one help in such a precarious situation? What can one do without aggravating even more the bitter internal strife that troubles the Dominican people? None of the Spanish-speaking countries has been able to answer these questions effectively. Latin American solidarity has failed the Dominican Republic at a moment of need. Nor has the United States, with its unilateral intervention—precipitate at first and later hesitant and faltering—been able to solve the immediate problem or reassure the rest of the hemisphere about implications for the future of its present course. Nor has the OAS, with its heterogeneous membership of diffident democracies, military and semi-military regimes, and shaky civilian governments (all showing various degrees of fear and suspicion of their dominant partner), been able to act with anything approaching the needed firmness and cohesion.

Intervention in the Dominican Republic has aroused animosity throughout Latin America. No Latin American government depending upon popular support can endorse it and expect to survive. (President Frei of Chile and President Leoni of Venezuela, both struggling against strong Communist opposition, have made their positions abundantly clear.) Only governments dependent for their stability upon the support of the United States rather than their electorate have been disposed, and that only after much prodding, to provide the minimum votes necessary to permit formal collective action.

In the United States the "hard line" seems to command the greater electoral support, and this fact promises, in the days ahead, to produce an even greater cleavage between the people of the United States and those of the rest of Latin America. We face a leadership crisis in this hemisphere. Basically, the crisis is traceable to the social revolutions in ferment throughout Latin America, which are steadily gaining greater momentum. The crisis also reflects the inability of the United States Government to define its proper role vis-à-vis the social upheavals and political convulsions at work in Latin America.

As the world's oldest and most powerful democracy, as well as the closest to Latin America, the United States is, in the minds and hearts of the great majority of ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-fed Latin Americans, the nation most able to support the legitimate aspirations of the common man anywhere. Unfortunately, many forces and circumstances have blocked the understanding that is needed. The difference in means, resources, power, thought patterns, and cultural traditions makes confidence and cooperation extremely difficult. American policy in the Dominican Republic seems specifically designed to render life in Latin America more hazardous and continental relations more bitter and hostile.

GOING through Santo Domingo these days, one sees many clear-eyed, earnest American young men. Attired in battle dress, they man the security zones, patrol the corridors, control or support the military. In the eyes of all Dominicans they are invaders. Others, fewer in numbers and less visible, work as Peace Corps Volunteers in hospitals, slums, training centers. All Dominicans regard them as friends. Yet soldiers and Peace Corps workers have much in common. Both groups represent the United States; they carry out their difficult tasks with integrity and loyalty; and they embody the ambivalence of U.S. policy. If we must have them both, could not the ratio of soldiers to Peace Corps be reversed?

The outlook for the future is not reassuring. The OAS, never a strong instrument of Latin American policy, is now weaker than ever. It is possible, of course, that the protracted and unrewarding stand-still in the Dominican Republic may be ended through the formula of a provisional government followed by general elections under OAS supervision. But at best, this will be only a first step in a long and difficult road ahead. —JAIME BENITEZ.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Greed in the Gallery

In her article "The Lively Art of Fakery" [*SR*, June 26] Katharine Kuh, whom I admire for her prescience and high taste, discloses the shoddy nature of the motivation behind the art boom in our time. It is not based, as one would suppose, on a love of beauty but on greedy acquisitiveness fully in harmony with the greed of our society.

Collectors would reject a first edition of the Bible unless it bore God's genuine signature on the flyleaf to magnify its commercial value. Even the Italian bandits of the Renaissance had higher motives in their collection activities.

Samuel E. Lessere.

Bloomfield, Conn.

Heroes and Villains

The editorial by James F. Fixx, "Report from Santo Domingo" [*SR*, June 12], was one of the finest accounts I have read of the situation.

If the 1,000 or more Americans in Santo Domingo were anything like those I have known in my ten years in South America, they spoke very little or no Spanish. The "rebels" obviously did not care to take their valuable time to try to communicate with the people at the Hotel Embajador, and so they did it all in pantomime, just acting out "get into the hotel and stay there, or you'll be stood up against the wall and shot for your stupidity." That's what I read into Mr. Fixx's reports from the witnesses. At any rate, they were told to get into the hotel and to stay there.

One fellow who could share my sombrero any day is Bob Satin of the Peace Corps. He is the kind of diplomat we need in Latin America. I have seen only two good men from our State Department down in South America, and they were removed and sent to dung holes in Europe. The real "good neighbor" seldom comes from diplomatic circles.

Earl C. Cook.

San Francisco, Calif.

How Much Idealism?

I can't help regretting, when I listen to those who discuss the "idealism" of American students today, that they swing at the wrong pitch. Harold Taylor's remarks in his article "American Idealism, 1965" [*SR*, June 26] are undoubtedly applicable. But to whom? I graduated from college this June with a class of 3,500 and I could type the names of the Taylor-made "idealists" on one side of a postcard. Until someone comes up with a statistical comparison between the activists, or those who call themselves "committed" (or, if you'd rather, the "idealists"), of 1965 on the one hand, and their counterparts of the Thirties on the other (an unlikely achievement), I would be reluctant to take these discussions of contemporary student "idealism" as accurate descriptions of the climate on the campus. The admirable handful who are the cash in the bank for Mr. Taylor's thesis cannot overcome what seems to me a sizable number of collegians who never get any closer to idealism than a Pete Seeger concert.

George Haber.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

"If any of them ever came to Allentown, we'd have nothing like this to offer."

Mapping Hell

In his first article on Dante [*SR*, May 15], John Ciardi writes: "Paolo and Francesca are nearly the least sinful of all the souls in Hell—only Limbo lies above them." Is it not true that Paolo and Francesca (and the other souls in the second circle with them) are the least sinful of all the souls in Hell? The souls in Limbo are not sinful. They are there simply because they have not been baptized. Virgil, who is one of the souls in Limbo, is careful to point out this fact to Dante in the following lines in the fourth canto:

> Or vo' che sappi, innanzi che più andi,
> Ch' ei non peccaro: e s'elli hanno
> mercedi,
> Non basta, perchè non ebber battesmo,
> Ch' è porta della fede che tu credi.
> (33-36) (Inferno IV)

Again—and this is not mere quibbling, for every word in Dante must be considered carefully—Mr. Ciardi writes that "the souls of Paradise reveal themselves to Dante *on* the various spheres through which he ascends" (italics mine). Shouldn't the *on* be *in*? In Canto II of the Paradiso, Dante says that the eternal pearl (the moon) received Beatrice and him *within* itself and wonders how this could be possible:

> S'io era corpo, e qui non si concepe
> Com' una dimension altra patio,
> Ch'esser convien se corpo in corpo
> repe,
> Accender ne dovria più il disio
> Di veder quella essenza, in che si vede
> Come nostra natura e Dio s'unio.
> (37-42)

In the last lines Dante refers to the greater miracle of the union of the human and the divine nature in Christ.

Phillip H. Mankin,
Associate Professor of English,
Eastern Kentucky State College.

Richmond, Ky.

Editor's note: *Mr. Ciardi replies: "Professor Mankin's first point is reasonably argued but it does not allow for the fact that Dante always implies and often stipulates various degrees of sinfulness within a given circle of Hell. Many souls are whirled round and round in the Whirlwind of Lust. Some among them ('Cleopatra lussoriosa,' for example) seem clearly guiltier than Paolo and Francesca. It is just as reasonable to believe that some others might be a degree or two less guilty. I agree with Professor Mankin's second point and wish now I had said 'in' rather than 'on.'"*

The Kashmir Debate

My attention has been drawn to a letter by Mr. Karan Singh, the governor of Indian-held Kashmir [*SR*, May 15]. It is not clear to me why Mr. Singh wrote this letter as a "regular reader" of *SR* and not as governor. The only explanation, to my mind, is that he himself was not satisfied with the accuracy of facts supplied to him and therefore thought it fit not to speak in his official capacity. However, it is not a "regular reader" but Governor Singh who appears to be upset by an article entitled "Kashmir: Dilemma of a People Adrift," by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot [*SR*, Mar. 6]. He therefore defended his maharaja father's so-

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called Instrument of Accession signed in favor of India on October 26, 1947. Obviously he could not afford to be a dispassionate judge of events that took place in that unfortunate state during his father's reign and after. I am sure, however, that Mr. Singh, who occupies a responsible position, must have studied the history of his state, particularly those events which had forced the people to revolt against the repressive rule of his father in 1931. The fact that Moslems were fired upon by the Dogra Army in front of the Srinagar Jail on July 13 the same year will not be unknown to him. I believe he remembers the "Quit Kashmir Movement," which was launched by Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah in 1946 against the Dogra rule.

It is not possible for me to narrate in this brief letter the atrocities inflicted on the poor Moslems in the state. I will only mention a few facts so that readers may know the truth.

Immediately after the announcement of the partition plan early in June 1947, the maharaja hastened to import a large number of RSS (a militant Hindu organization) men and other fanatical groups from India in order to crush the freedom movement by driving Moslems out of the state. The campaign against the Moslem population was described in an eyewitness account by the special correspondent of the London *Times* in the following words: ". . . 237,000 Moslems were systematically exterminated unless they escaped to Pakistan along the border by all forces of the Dogra State headed by the Maharaja in person and aided by Hindu and Sikhs." Half a million terror-stricken Moslems had no choice but to leave their hearth and home for their safety.

Governor Singh writes that the "accession itself was unconditional—the Indian Constitution has no provision for a conditional accession—and the political decision that the wishes of the people would be ascertained was purely a matter between the Government of India and the people of Jammu and Kashmir."

This is not correct. If the so-called accession was unconditional, Lord Mountbatten, the then Governor General of India, in a letter to the maharaja on October 27, 1947, accepting the instrument of accession, would not have stated that as soon as law and order was restored, this question would be settled by reference to the people. Again, if the accession was unconditional, the U.N. Security Council in its two well-known resolutions of August 13, 1948, and January 5, 1949, would not have agreed to decide the issue by a free and impartial plebiscite. The Government of India itself had, from time to time, given assurances to the people of Jammu and Kashmir, Pakistan, and the United Nations that the future of the state would be decided by the people themselves in accordance with the United Nations resolutions. It was for this reason that the State of Jammu and Kashmir was given a special status in the Indian Constitution; it is for this reason that the dispute is on the agenda of the Security Council and that the United Nations is keeping military observers along the cease-fire line.

Governor Singh's claim that occupied Kashmir has achieved substantial economic progress is mere propaganda to deceive the world. If true, why are people unhappy and in open rebellion against the Indian rule? A happy and satisfied people do not rise in revolt, knowing its terrible consequences.

In defending India's so-called secular policy, Governor Singh has not cared to comment on as many as 574 communal riots which have taken place in India since 1947. Supporting the Hindu caste system, Governor Singh, a high-caste Hindu himself, boasts of India's parliamentary democracy. It is not my intention to expose the type of democracy India has. I will only add that a considerably large population of India is classed as "untouchables." It is only the higher classes who enjoy that "full-fledged democracy" and not others.

KHAN ABDUL HAMEED KHAN,
President of Jammu and Kashmir.
Muzaffarabad

"They have a Hertz car waiting."

Freedom and Fallacies

IT IS HARD TO understand why so eminent a scholar as Joseph Wood Krutch would choose to write about a subject which he does not understand in his article "Calipers on the Human Mind" [*SR*, June 19]. That he does not understand what behaviorism means in psychology is apparent from his own admission: "Perhaps my readers can understand this statement. I cannot." It is also apparent from the irrelevancy of his arguments. Were the assumptions of the behaviorist what Mr. Krutch seems to think they are, his comments would be quite appropriate, but since they are not, he completely misses the mark.

Mr. Krutch believes that the behaviorist contends that "Behavior . . . is the only thing worth bothering with." This is just not true. Rather, the behaviorist thinks that there are plenty of things "worth bothering with," but that only behavior is open to objective, scientific study. I can appreciate that Mr. Krutch has an "inner dialogue." I have one myself. However, I cannot experience his any more than he can experience mine, or any more than either of us can experience that of a pigeon.

Mr. Krutch seems to demand that psychology should proceed by a metaphysical system rather than a representational system. He wishes to make Galileo recant and agree to believe in *his* assumptions.

I would agree with Mr. Krutch that "Consciousness is the only thing we know directly." However, since we can know behavior indirectly, and since we can never know another's consciousness at all, perhaps he will permit us to study behavior.

Mr. Krutch also disagrees with the behaviorist's notion that freedom does not exist. Again, this disagreement stems from his lack of understanding of what is meant by determinism in the context of environmental shaping. Certainly Mr. Krutch would agree that he would probably cease to write articles for *SR* (or anyone) were they to refuse to pay him or to publish his articles. In this sense he is not free. He, like any other organism, will cease to respond to his environment when his response does not get results. This is all that is meant by lack of freedom.

Most of Mr. Krutch's difficulty seems to stem from the fact that he apparently knows little about behaviorism beyond what has been written by John B. Watson. Mr. Krutch is beating a dead behaviorist.

C. P. Snow has talked of "two cultures": the literati and the scientists. The latter understand both languages, but the former understand only their own. To which culture does Mr. Krutch belong?

D. DAVID HOPKINSON,
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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Bernstein, Borodin, and Lombardo

LEONARD BERNSTEIN has apparently never found sufficient satisfaction in his musical comedy compositions to commit himself to continuing work in that field. Not that he necessarily considers it infra dig for the conductor of the New York Philharmonic to dabble in such a lowly art, but for all its admirable expertness of composition and form, Mr. Bernstein's theater music generally lacks the emotional commitment a less self-aware and even less talented man sometimes brings to a score.

Thus, while *Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs*, currently being offered in a happily unpretentious fashion by three young performers with a piano, bass, and drum accompaniment, is a very civilized evening, it doesn't have the warm impact that its creator, Will Holt, managed to make in his Kurt Weill evening two summers back, or that Ben Bagley has conjured up in his marvelous current Cole Porter potpourri. For one thing, in such an evening it is the quality of the lyrics that gains the most attention, and Adolph Green, Betty Comden, Stephen Sondheim, Richard Wilbur, and Lillian Hellman constitute a broad variety of lyricists. Oddly enough, the most memorable lyrics of the evening are Mr. Bernstein's own as he parodies suburbia in *Trouble in Tahiti*. One would hope that he might somehow avoid collaboration on his next theater project and create integrated songs about those matters that most deeply affect him. Of the other songs, the most genuine feeling is generated by "Why, Oh Why, Oh Why Oh Did I Ever Leave Ohio?" and "I Want a Quiet Girl," both from *Wonderful Town*, and the most effective performance comes in a modern treatment of "It's Love," in which Micki Grant does a hilarious imitation of Lena Horne, and then is joined in a rock-'n'-roll treatment of the same song by Don Francks and Trude Adams. All three are amusingly sophisticated, and Miss Grant's merrily saucy personality marks her as a potential star.

Two very popular New York summer institutions are the revivals of musicals at the New York State Theater by the Music Theater of Lincoln Center and the unique musical extravaganzas at the Jones Beach Marine Theater.

This season the first of the two Lincoln Center musicals is *Kismet*, based on Edward Knoblock's 1911 play, with melodic themes composed by Alexander Borodin before 1887. Adapted by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis, and tunesmithed by Robert Wright and George Forrest, *Kismet* opened during the newspaper strike of 1963 and ran for more than a year on Broadway.

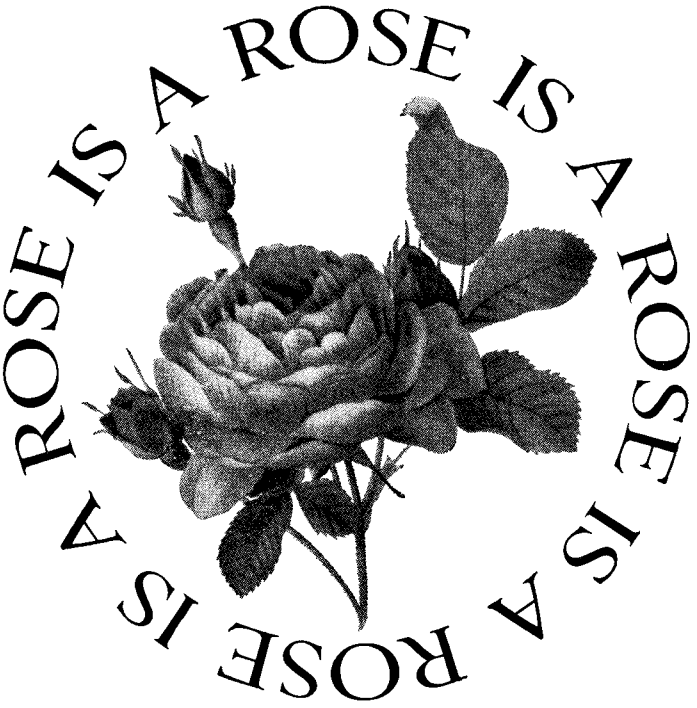
Its revival brings back its star, Alfred Drake, and, if memory serves, he and the rest of the cast perform the romantic operetta with somewhat more of a tongue-in-cheek quality than before.

Thus the ear is treated to agreeable melodies, and to dialogue and lyrics that sound clever when the erratic acoustics of this theater permit us to hear them, and the funnybone is tickled by the constant injections of camp that Mr. Drake uses superbly. The late Lemuel Ayres's Baghdad settings and Frank Thompson's Persian costumes are appropriately splendorous and, in the case of the ladies, probably more revealing than any shrewd harem-keeper would ever have permitted. As the villainous Wazir, Henry Calvin makes a good foil to Mr. Drake's Hajj, and Lee Venora looks and sings beautifully as the poor but virginal girl whose true virtue is so apparent to the young Caliph that he immediately decides to sell off his harem. It is pleasant entertainment if you can put yourself into the spirit of the evening.

Similarly spectacular and pleasant is *Mardi Gras*, the new Jones Beach musical regatta. It follows a nominal story by Sid Herzig that permits us to enjoy views of New Orleans doings of 1815, 1905, and 1965. These including such wondrous creations as Jean Lafitte's pirate ship, which comes helmless around the bend and maneuvers its way impressively through the narrow channel separating the forestage dock and the huge island behind, designer George Jenkins's crane-supported chandelier, reputed to be the world's largest, and a phosphorescent voodoo number.

Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb, who in the past have collaborated on such popular hits as "Just a Sailboat in the Moonlight and You" and "Seems Like Old Times," have here come up with a winning score. Best of the songs is Jean Lafitte's passionate tribute to his sloop. Called "When I Take My Lady Out to Sea," it has the same infectious lilt as Rodgers and Hart's "I Could Write a Book."

David Atkinson makes a solid Lafitte, but the more comic and colorful Phil Leeds and Juanita Hall tend to dominate the performances—insofar as any life-size actor can compete with what, after all, must essentially be an eye-intimidating assortment of Colossus-size marvels. —HENRY HEWES.



A rose is also the symbol of an empire, a poem, a painting, a fragrance. The Rose is an exhibition at the Hallmark Gallery now through July 30. Fifth Ave. at 56th St.

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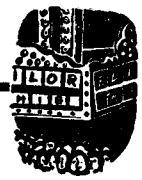

Transports of Delight

BY AND LARGE, movie critics are a fairly sedentary lot. They sit either with eyes glued to the screen or with nose buried in the typewriter. A few weeks ago, however, they were darting about the country like bugs on water, first descending on New York for a trio of previews sponsored by Twentieth Century-Fox, then skittering on to Los Angeles to look at Warner Brothers' *The Great Race*. Whereupon some of the hardier souls turned right around and returned to New York for the premiere of United Artists' *The Hallelujah Trail*. As if to accentuate this unwonted mobility, all of the films screened centered about some mode of transportation—planes, boats, trains, autos, Conestoga wagons. For chair-borne critics, between what was happening on the screen and what was happening in fact, it was a whole new world, and a fairly pleasant one. They not only covered a good deal of ground; they also covered a good many good films.

Best of the lot, by my reckoning, was *The Great Race*, an opulent and affectionate spoofing both of turn-of-the-century cars and turn-of-the-century dramatics. Despite overtones of *Around the World in 80 Days* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, this Blake Edwards concoction was always original, always inventive, and outrageously funny. (The "outrage" stems from Edwards's uncanny ability to take something as hackneyed and banal as a pie-throwing sequence and choreograph it into a precise and perfect apotheosis of every slapstick comedy you have ever seen—with the added intricacy of Technicolor thrown in for good measure.) But that's what makes *The Great Race* such superb entertainment. The ingredients may be utterly familiar, from strong-minded suffragettes to slam-bang barroom brannigans; yet when Edwards fondles them with his wildly off-center wit they seem fresh and effective all over again. The pie-throwing, for example, gains enormously from the sight of Tony Curtis, immaculate in white, strolling among the flying pastries, apparently impervious to the multi-hued mayhem that surrounds him. The second half of the film is practically given over to a nutty rewrite of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with Jack Lemmon marvelously villainous and versatile as the American Professor Fate, and marvelously inane as the effete Prince the professor is forced to impersonate.

Better still are the throw-away gags—the opening title slides that set both the mood and the period for what is to follow; the occasional sparkle that gleams from Tony Curtis's teeth and eyes; Natalie Wood's vast and magnificent wardrobe, which seems to change almost from shot to shot, although her only luggage from New York to Paris is a small traveling bag; or a moose head mounted on a wall (as the camera trundles past, we see the remainder of the moose *behind* the wall). Perhaps best of all is Edwards's device for dodging the inevitable letdown of the obligatory romantic interlude. As Miss Wood sings the sentimental lyric to *The Sweetheart Tree*, the audience is invited to follow the bouncing ball and sing along. Since the tune was composed for the film by Henry Mancini, the chances are that it will soon become as familiar as his *Moon River*, and the invitation will be eagerly accepted.

Blake Edwards has dedicated his picture "To Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy"; and while those estimable gentlemen, if they were still with us, might possibly have reminded Mr. Edwards that they were at their best when they were at their briefest, they could only have smiled approvingly at his passion for improvised foolishness and his gift for creating chaos out of confusion. His other virtues—an uncloying nostalgia, an eye that appreciates not only the absurdities but the beauties of a bygone age, and a firm hand on the story lines—are perhaps less immediately apparent, particularly in a film so dominated by its trio of stars. Without them, however, the adjective in the title would certainly have needed some modification.

Von Ryan's Express, based on David Westheimer's recent best-seller, is also composed of rather familiar components. Indeed, yet another break-out from a wartime prison camp would seem to be just about the last thing any of us needed right now. But once again superior writing by Wendell Mayes and Joseph Landon, superior direction by Mark Robson, and a superior cast headed by Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard, Sergio Fantoni, and Edward Mulhare contrive to transform familiar merchandise into absorbing, tingling entertainment. Perhaps precisely because the ingredients are so familiar, little time is wasted in sketching in either the characters or the situation. Within the first half-hour, the bedraggled Allied POWs are herded aboard a train ready to haul them from Italy to Germany; ten minutes later, Sinatra and his cohorts overpower their captors and take over the train—and from then on it's a wild dash for the Swiss border, with ingenious ruses to hold at bay the hordes of pursuing Nazis. The prevailing tone is high adventure, however, with the accent falling on boldness rather than on bloodshed; and everything clicks along with the gathering momentum of the train itself.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

The Wilder Shores of Humor

A BRITISH-MADE film, *The Knack*, grand prize winner at the recent Cannes Film Festival, is a curious mixture of subtle humor and the wildest kind of exaggeration. Ann Jellicoe's play, on which it is based, was a modest but indubitable success, especially as directed by Mike Nichols for its New York run; and it would seem that Richard Lester, already famed for *A Hard Day's Night*, was utterly determined to top Nichols in inventiveness. He has used the thin story material of the play as a springboard for a series of improvisations set in today's London and involving some self-consciously loony young people who appear to be rebelling in an inchoate manner against various kinds of conformity. So determinedly is the story line kicked around that it is not always easy to discover. Basically, however, it has to do with a young provincial girl's arrival in London and her adventures with three young men who inhabit a house of garishly bohemian character.

One of the men, Tolen, has a knack for seduction and a long line of waiting and ready girls to prove his prowess. He pilots a motorcycle, wears dark glasses and black leather gloves, and claims to have sexual needs far beyond the average. Colin, the young landlord, a teacher of mathematics, claims to have a need for girls, too, and plaintively wonders why he can't have even one. The third member of the household is a neuter of some sort, who expresses his neutrality by painting his share of the living quarters white, including the windows. Into this ménage enters the girl, Nancy, obviously an object for seduction, and on whom Tolen is willing to prove his knack, much to the anguish of Colin, who would like to have the girl for himself. Colin gets her eventually, but only after the girl has gone around crying "rape!"—a fantasy engendered in her mind by the purposeful Tolen.

The delights in the film—and there are many—have little to do with the above outline. One zany sequence shows the girl and two of the men rolling an ancient iron bedstead through the streets of London; it has been purchased in an antique dealer's yard and must now be wheeled home, and the visual variations

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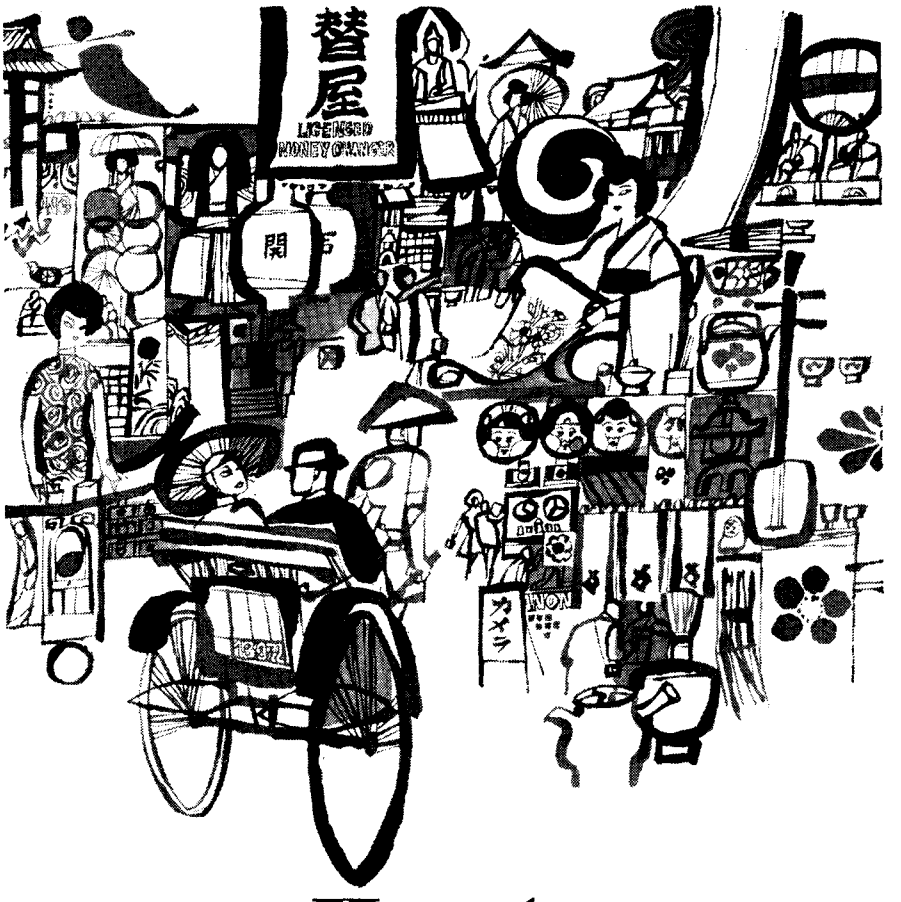
achieved with this prop amount to inspired directorial virtuosity. Mr. Lester is aided by some fine players, including Rita Tushingham as the girl, Ray Brooks as the young man with a knack, Michael Crawford as the ardent landlord, and Donal Donnelly as the room painter. Does it mean much of anything? In a way, it does, for what finally emerges is less a story of young love and sex than of young people finding ways of asserting individuality in a bleak, crowded city-world, full of people all too willing to behave as people have always behaved. "Mods and rockers," a woman onlooker comments disdainfully. But they aren't that at all; they are merely attempting wittily, madly, desperately to find a way out of the mass absurdity.

Another new comedy, *What's New Pussycat?*, also seeks humor and amusement through wildness, but it somehow manages to misfire all along the line. Heaven knows the director, Clive Donner, had plentiful resources—a cast that includes Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Romy Schneider, Paula Prentiss, and Woody Allen; several million dollars worth of production funds; and that most valuable asset of all, a free hand—but he presumably lacked a script. In the case of *The Knack*, a script obviously existed and Mr. Lester proceeded to kick it around. For *What's New Pussycat?* we are told the film stems from a screenplay by Woody Allen, but it appears to have disappeared entirely in the finished product, and poetic and dramatic license is required of reviewer and viewer to achieve a semblance of sense in describing it.

As far as can be determined, a male editor of a Paris fashion magazine (Peter O'Toole) is in need of psychoanalytic treatment because he likes girls so much and doesn't feel ready to marry the beautiful Romy Schneider. The analyst he sees turns out to be Peter Sellers, who wears a long Beatle-type wig and is married to a blond, fat Wagnerian-soprano-type wife. Invited to a group analytic session, O'Toole encounters a nymphomaniac woman in the person of Capucine. Attending a performance of striptease at the Crazy Horse Saloon with the lascivious Sellers, O'Toole takes up with a leggy, suicidal stripper (played by Paula Prentiss). All these people, as directed by Mr. Donner, then proceed to go rather unpleasantly mad.

Everyone involved presumably felt they were having a lot of stylish fun with this non-plot, and maybe that's the trouble. So admiring are they of their freedom that they all come out stilted and artificial, and almost entirely unfunny. The madder the pace set by the director, the more the would-be comedy creaks, and eventually it collapses into a yawning pit of boredom.

—Hollis Alpert.



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AN ALPHABESTIARY—PART III

is for LOVE, toward which all beasts
move in their season. Tooth and claw,
beak, hoof, and horn, come to Love's feasts,
stand guard upon it, stand in awe
of Love's wet fruit. On peaks and shores,
in nest, bole, warren, fold, or den,
and whether in or out of doors,
Love moves to Love. True, now and then,
some beast of its all-scalding blood
maims what it mates. Panthers are one,
and ferrets one, and man another. Still the good
of Love is seen—is seen and known—
in some part by all natures. So
the she-herd licks by the lone bull
its spindly young who, thus loved, grow
their sacs of flaps, their coats of wool,
tended by love, guarded by hate.
So in the wolf-den two or three
sharp puppies play till it grows late
and then run, ravening, to be.
So hawks and doves sleep in one tree
whose trunk, taken symbolically,
is Love. Whose roots, as we may see,
are hate. And so for you. And so for me.

is for MOTHERS, who are above all
useful. Preferably, to be sure, married,
but in any case indispensable.
Motherhood can, we understand, be carried
too far. As can the attitudes
toward it. Some Mothers are harried.
Some are placid. Some beget feuds.
Some, harmonies. Some could
be called loose. Some are prudes.
Mothers, that is, are various. It is good
to have a Mother; to have had one,
inescapable. Motherhood would,
I daresay, command the respect of many
more clinicians were the prerequisites higher.
(It can, after all, happen to almost any
girl.) It is reasonable, I suggest, to admire
individual merit as it occurs
rather than the category. Inquire
of Eve, in reason, what is truly hers,
and of Lilith, hers. And so on.
Then, in proportion as love measures
love a bite more, and gladly.
Mothers are good to have, but if everyone
kept his, things would go badly.

is for NANNYGOAT—the silly
who finds her loved one in a Billy;
while he, poor fool, without demur
finds all his dream of love in her.
With this much said, my fable ends.
Go look at your own married friends,
or look at your own wife at home,
and write your own end to my poem.

is for OX, by which word we
signify what was born to be
a bull, but suffered alteration.
Husbands, in late meditation,
may find some parable in this
all-hauling beast that does not miss
what it is missing. The real joke
played on the Ox is not its yoke,
but its name, which comes, we learn,
from German *ochse*, drawn in turn
from root words meaning "to beget."
—What? humor in the alphabet?
Words betray us. But the ox
is safe in this: it seldom talks.
A mercy—should it learn its name,
even it would blush for shame.

is for PORCUPINE, a creature
subject to some debate, but though
sharp in rebuttal, never the first
to argue. He does not, as some say,
sling his quills. A placid logician,
he yields his points only when pressed.

Although he is a rodent, his name
signifies "spiny pig." Men, clearly,
have divided in their chosen views
of him. Witness, as one of many
divergent opinions he has engendered,
his various standing in Upper New England:
Vermont pays a bounty on his nose;
New Hampshire, on his ears (it may be
the other way round, but in any case,
how many of us are redeemable at death
in two jurisdictions?); and Maine
has seen fit to protect him as the one
edible, substantial, and common meat
a man lost in the woods can kill readily
with nothing but rocks, or a club.

Ah, what it is to be misunderstood!
But we all have our problems. If yours
is a tendency to get lost in the woods,
move to Maine and live on porcupine,
but save the noses for Vermont
and the ears for New Hampshire.
Or *is*
it the other way round?
—No matter:
the thing about beasts (when we are not
hungry) is that they suggest possible
metaphors to us, and (when we are)
that they are good to eat in exact
proportion to how hungry we are, and
especially so if we can avoid
certain, likely, sharp consequences
in persuading them to our chosen view.

(*To be continued.*)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Right Word to Write

THEODORE BERNSTEIN, assistant managing editor of the *New York Times* and well known to the staff of that newspaper as an authority on English usage, made an impression on a wider audience a few years ago with *Watch Your Language* and its sequel, *More Language That Needs Watching*, both based on a bulletin written for circulation among writers and editors of the *Times*. Now he has published *The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage* (Atheneum, $7.95), a useful reference work and a book that has given me a good deal of pleasure.

The word to notice in the title is "writer," for this is a book about written, not spoken, language. As one who has spent most of his life in small towns, associating with people who know nothing about grammar or usage, I have been impressed by the clarity, vividness, and power with which semiliterate people can express themselves. Bernstein knows this, and he also knows that today even the most careful writers will, as a rule, relax when they are talking informally. But he believes that there are standards which should be preserved in written English.

The controversy over the third edition of *Webster's New International Dictionary* and the writings of the structural linguists have made many of us a little touchy about this question of standards. Bernstein is quite specific about the formation of his standards. They are based on: (1) "the practices of reputable writers, past and present"; (2) " the observations and discoveries of linguistic scholars"; (3) "the predilections of teachers of English"; (4) "observation of what makes for clarity, precision, and logical presentation"; (5) "personal preferences of the author"; (6) experience as an editor of the *Times*.

The fourth point seems to me the important one. Some changes in usage don't diminish the effectiveness of the language, but others do. I couldn't bring myself to use "like" for "as" in speech, let alone in writing; but if "like" wins out, as it seems bound to do, the damage will not be great. If, however, "infer" comes to be accepted as meaning what "imply" means, we have lost a valuable word. (Maybe I dreamt it, but I believe I have seen "infer" misused in the *Times*.)

Bernstein discusses a dozen pairs of words about which confusion exists: disinterested, uninterested; incredible, incredulous; nauseous, nauseated; oral, verbal; tortuous, torturous; turbid, turgid; venal, venial; deprecate, depreciate; hail, hale; flaunt, flout; gantlet, gauntlet. When distinctions are clearly stated, as he states them, anyone can see why they are worth preserving.

ON the other hand, he is more lenient than Miss Thistlebottom, his imaginary teacher of grammar a generation ago. His discussion of "contact" is a good example of the way his mind works. After saying that "contact" as a verb is useful to businessmen, he suggests that a practiced writer can do very well without it. He concludes: "The verb will undoubtedly push its way into standard usage sometime. Do you think you can wait?" He is sensible on split infinitives, prepositions at the end of sentences, and "shall" and "will." Many people will be relieved to know that they *graduated* from college; it is not necessary for them to say that they *were* graduated.

There are excellent discussions of more general topics. Bernstein, who likes puns, talks about "ad-diction," giving many examples of ways in which advertising men are doing their best to debase the language. (They are given much assistance, he points out, by the editors of *Time* Magazine and the writers of headlines, although, as a newspaperman, he has sympathy for the latter.) In less than twenty pages he provides as handy a summary of rules of punctuation as you can find, and in ten pages he tells the careful writer all he is likely to need to know about rhetorical figures and faults. It's a useful book.

Bernstein writes: "The area of highly formal writing has shrunk considerably; it is now confined to such things as state papers, articles in learned publications, commencement addresses (and by no means all of those), legal documents, court decisions, and prefaces to dictionaries." As he goes on to say, colloquialisms—he prefers to call them "casualisms"—have become increasingly common in serious writing of many kinds. But he might have gone further: the skillful use of colloquialisms is an important element in some of the most effective writing in our time. He says, "There are, of course, gradations of casualisms: *falsies* is low and unacceptable in most contexts." But I can think of a number of contexts in which the word would be extremely convenient if not indispensable.

Perhaps, however, Bernstein is right in suggesting that the careful writer ought not to take chances. Last fall, in reviewing Roy Newquist's *Counterpoint*, I wrote, "He begins with a brief

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but usually fulsome introduction of the author to be interviewed." I received two letters, one indignant and the other condescending, asking me if I didn't know that "fulsome" means "offensive, disgusting." I replied by quoting from the *Oxford Universal Dictionary:* "7. of language, style, behavior, etc; Offensive to good taste; *esp.* from excess or want of measure." That is just what I meant. If I had been able to consult Bernstein, however, this is what I would have found: "It does not mean full, copious, or bounteous. . . . It means overfull and offensive because of insincerity; repulsive, odious. It most often appears—and appears incorrectly, of course—in the phrase 'fulsome praise.'" I think that praise often is fulsome according to his definition, but I know that if I used that phrase I'd get into trouble.

As we all, including Bernstein, know, Shakespeare wasn't a careful writer in Bernstein's sense of the term; he mixed metaphors all over the place, and played hob with rules of grammar. Many other of our eminent creative writers have been as lawless. But most of us are not great creative writers, and Bernstein is our man. If we are going to go against the rules, we ought at least to know what we are doing, and he can tell us.

Ever since it was published in 1926, I have been both instructed and entertained by H. W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* for no lexicographer since Dr. Johnson has written with such cantankerous charm. As for Bergen and Cornelia Evans's *Dictionary of Contemporary Usage,* it seems to me more useful than Bernstein in some ways and less useful in others. I am glad that I have both, together with Fowler.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1145

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1145 will be found in the next issue.

MBT DWSUV FQ OJEE KFEE KEFV

BC MBTX KFHJ FQ EJFC BPJX

VBB KFX GFHROFXI.

YFDJQ VUTXGJX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1144

The greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be.
—Bagehot.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

More on OP Publishing

I am delighted with the article by David Dempsey [*SR,* June 12]: "OP Publishing: The New Look in Reprints." I have often thought that developments in this field would make an excellent topic for a doctoral dissertation in librarianship. I have a few comments. Russell & Russell, besides their interest in history and philosophy, are also pre-eminent in the field of reprints of American and British literature. . . . Benjamin Blom, a recently organized reprinting house specializing in theater books, should also be mentioned, and Burt Franklin, a well-established reprinter with strong lists in science, medicine, bibliography, literature and history. . . .

Another journal reprinter, with lists of more general interest than Johnson and Kraus, is AMS Reprint Company. . . . The journal of the field, *The Reprint Expediting Service Bulletin*—formerly published by the American Library Association—has been taken over on an expanded schedule by Oceana Publications, who specialize in legal reprints. This journal lists new and forthcoming reprints and also publishes suggestions for reprints. The April 1965 issue has "An Informal Directory of Reprinters."

David E. Pownall,
Head, Reader Service,
State College of Iowa Library

Cedar Falls, Iowa

Mirror Dance

Reading Edward F. McCartan$_4$'s provocative letter about writers writing about writers writing about writers leads me to observe that he complicates a relatively simple procedure. Isn't it all just a matter of writers dancing with themselves before their mirrors?

Mr. McCartan$_4$'s letter about the piece by Granville Hicks was, of course, prompted only in part by Mr. Hicks's piece. And (similarly) my letter is prompted only in part by the letter from Mr. McCartan$_4$. The additional motive power behind us both (the power without which neither of us would have written anything) was and is self-expression or exhibitionism or whatever makes us do things like this. Therefore, come all ye faithful, and admire Nicholas Samstag$_1$ rigadooning with Nicholas Samstag$_2$ before the mirrored image of Nicholas Samstag$_3$.

If the sight bores or nauseates you, see the saraband above or the pavan below. Somewhere, dear reader, there is someone dancing especially for you.

Nicholas Samstag$_{1, 2}$ and $_3$
New York, N.Y.

Lawyers' Bookshelf

In Myer Feldman's review of five books on law [*SR,* May 22] he laments that "good books about the law are painfully rare." He also asserts, quite rightly, that "any discussion of the law affords opportunity for high drama, strong emotion, stimulating ideas, and fascinating glimpses into history."

Mr. Feldman and others who feel the same way will be, or already have been, heartened by the Syracuse University Press series known as "Procedural Aspects of International Law," edited by Richard B. Lillich, who also wrote the first volume in the series. . . .

Richard A. Falk, in a preface to *The Role of Domestic Courts in the International Legal Order,* third in the series, hints at the "strong emotion" and "stimulating ideas" Mr. Feldman will find (or has found) in this contribution. "I am animated by the conviction," Mr. Falk writes, "that it is sensible and necessary for states, regardless of their orientation or history, to allow national courts increasingly to serve the cause of world order without regard to national affiliation. . . . Of course, it will be argued that this is unrealistic. My reply is that the peace and order of the world rest upon such a precarious basis that action must be taken to make proposals like this one realistic."

Patricia Bradford,
Editor, Syracuse University Press
Syracuse, N.Y.

Proud Shield

I have not read [*The Tarnished Badge,* by Ralph Lee Smith], so I cannot comment on the author's style, story content, or facts, but I can comment about police work.

Take the number of law enforcement officers and subtract from that all those officers who are involved in graft, brutality, and other forms of misconduct, and I think a great surprise would be given to William Kunstler [*SR,* June 26]. Police review boards, conducted by and staffed by public figures in Philadelphia and New York City, reported that 510 cases had been reviewed and only thirty-seven cases had showed signs of brutality. . . . .

I believe that he is wrong too in believing that "the majority of us were already quite prepared to believe" that many policemen are on the take. I think that the policeman, in all our cities and towns, is being looked upon now in a new light. The old idea of the hack and taker is just about gone, and people, the lawbreakers are not included, know that there is just a thin blue line between them and hell on earth.

Someone once said that the proudest shield any city can have is worn on the breast of its policemen. I am proud of my calling and would do anything that I could to help change the opinion of the small number of people who believe as it appears Mr. Kunstler believes.

William J. McNasby,
Police Dept.,
Haverford Township, Pa.

Haverford, Pa.

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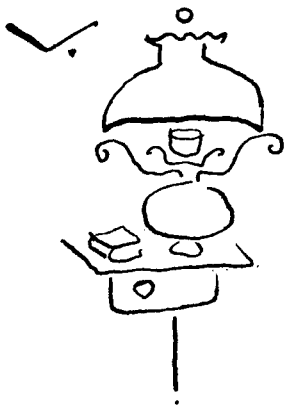
What to Read Till the Doctor Comes

THIS department's truth squad now reveals one of publishing's best-kept secrets. Well, not strictly publishing, but that branch of the trade known as the periodical distributors. This is the story behind the story of the company that supplies old magazines to doctors' offices.

I had often wondered about this, because I have never seen a current issue of *Life*, *Look*, or *The Elks Magazine* in any waiting room. (I have been in a lot of them in my day, and now that Medi-



care is coming I expect to be in more.) Oh, I know there have been a lot of jokes on the subject, but it's no laughing matter. To me it was inconceivable that doctors would stash away the latest copies of their magazines, let them age, and then put them on the table. There had to be more to it than that and, as I discovered, there was. Doctors and Dentists Magazine Service—I think that's the name. They supply back issues on a guaranteed basis. They'll even get you *Collier's*.

My own G.P., Dr. Taphammer, made me privy to the secret quite by accident. I was in his waiting room the day he went all to pieces. A new receptionist had brought in, at her own expense, half a dozen of next month's slicks. Anyway, they were dated next month. The good physician flew into a rage. "*Heraus mit!*" he shouted, seizing the offending issues. Just as I was reading Susan Sontag in *Mademoiselle*.

When he calmed down, I put the matter to him bluntly. "Dr. Taphammer," I asseverated, "why do physicians have such an idiotic prejudice against current reading material? This is something I can't understand."

"You can't understand current reading, or why we are against it?"

"Both," I said.

"And by the way, if you must asseverate, please do it in a whisper." He led me to his consulting room, closed the door, and took his pulse. "I could be drummed out of the AMA for telling you this," he said finally. "Please believe me, you are the only patient of mine to crack the secret. How is it I didn't notice you sitting there?"

"I was concealed behind the Christmas issue of *Life*."

"Oh? I thought that was a lampshade. Well, no matter. Are your lips sealed?"

"Eternally." (I was telling the truth; this is a written account.)

I will paraphrase Taphammer's following remarks, to wit: next to having a patient waiting, seeing that the right magazine is waiting for the patient has become a pre-eminent concern of the modern physician. Consider *Hygeia*, the health magazine. It can be found in almost every doctor's office. But God forbid that the patient should discover in its pages some new disease. Let him be happy with the diseases in last year's *Hygeia*. They are so much easier to treat.

Taphammer goes even further. According to him, there is a pronounced relationship between a man's reading and his symptoms. I can't pronounce it, but the idea is he reads sick stories, like in some magazines, and by the time he gets into the consulting room he really is sick. The trouble is, it isn't the illness he came in with.

"Before that hep receptionist double-crossed me," Taphammer confided, "my regulars were practically in a trance by the time they got to the consulting room. You don't think we keep them waiting just because we're busy, do you? No, they have to be in the proper frame of mind. It's bad enough to worry about what doc is going to discover when he listens to the old ticker, but to sit there and read what's in store for them next month—ouch!"

I knew just how he felt. "Why the Bomb Ticks for Thee." "How to Join the Order of the British Empire, with Guitar Accompaniment." "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" (Apparently not.) "Will Your Credit Card Be Canceled?" I had perused them all in the waiting room, hiding behind the Christmas issue of *Life*.

"Bruggle dagh n roddle," said Taphammer, gargling a mouthful of antiseptic. It sounded to me like "Better dead than read."

So now we come to the secret of Doctors and Dentists Magazine Service. These astute gentlemen simply provide problems three to six months old—even a year. Who cares just how the world was going to hell in a string bag last March? Anyway, there is something reassuring about having survived an old crisis. The patients face their doctor with confidence. But if they read about air pollution and urban sprawl, they get all worked up.

"We've got to keep the dangerous stuff out of patients' hands," the medico explained. "It's getting harder to do. Magazines aren't what they used to be—even back issues. I had a man come in here ready to pop an artery. The sphygmomano—[I can't spell it] blew out like an old inner tube. Well, to tell the truth, it *was* an old inner tube. Where was I? Oh, yes. The man had just found out that *The Saturday Evening Post* has stopped running Clarence Budington Kelland."

"What did you do?"

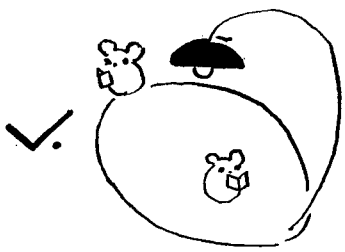
"I canceled my subscription."

"DID I see a copy of *Realités* in your waiting room?"

"In French. *That* keeps the blood pressure down."

"And saves on inner tubes."

"We doctors are accused of wanting to turn the clock back. It's true. Give me the days when every lady author had three names and one husband. I like to read about the vestryman's wife who falls in love with the preacher, or the new schoolmarm who is met at the train



by a guy named Curly and buckboarded out to the ranch. Or the cantankerous old lawyer who is always getting people out of trouble. . . .

"You know why? A doctor can deal with people who read wholesome. They have ordinary troubles. They're curable. But what can you tell a patient who has just read *Herzog* in *The Saturday Evening Post*, or Norman Mailer in *Esquire*? By the way, whatever happened to Booth Tarkington?"

I left Taphammer muttering incoherently. "Physician, read thyself!" I shot at him.

But I expect to return. Where else can a man catch up on his reading? I'm not sick, you understand; just retired.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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The European Literary Scene

MONTEVERDE, ROME.

It is hard to believe, but as of this summer the *Mercure de France*, showcase of French letters for seventy-five years, belongs to the ages. Its first number, published in January 1890, boasted such names as Mallarmé, Jules Renard, Remy de Gourmont, and Villiers de L'Isle-Adam. Other disparate but illustrious names associated with the *Mercure* are Gide, Claudel, Rimbaud, Jarry, Duhamel, and even Nietzsche, who was first presented to the French in its pages.

Obviously shattered by the news, *Figaro littéraire* sent its man to interview Mme. Simone Gallimard of the famed publishing house that is now proprietor of the *Mercure*. The post mortem was familiar: hyperacute financial emaciation. "It couldn't keep going. For months and months we accepted a heavy financial burden, increasingly heavy, without getting greater sales in return, without finding a wider audience for the journal. It was discouraging."

Gallimard decided to divert the budget allocation to another worthy cause. "The budget of a publisher meets cruel demands. Either we had to continue the journal and drop the publishing of young writers, who also bring in little revenue, or else drop the journal, which would permit us to play the 'politics of youth.'"

Gallimard will thus start a new series called "First Work" *(l'Initiale)*, launching five young authors this fall. This plan, plus four more first novels in its *Collection Blanche*, shows Gallimard, as the *Figaro* reporter writes, going all out for "new blood *à gogo*."

It would seem that France just didn't have room for both the *Mercure* and the equally prestigious *Nouvelle revue française*, where, it is rumored, there is also some soul-searching going on.

If France cannot support two major literary magazines, Italy is proving that it can, with the literary-artistic monthly *Marcatrè* now outselling the equally important *Europa letteraria*. *Marcatrè* is a luxurious production (judged the most typographically beautiful cultural magazine in Europe at the last Frankfurt Book Fair), directed by the most lively Italian intellectuals aged forty or under—an intense "politics of youth," as Gallimard puts it. The young directors early found room at the very top: Eduardo Sanguineti, poet-novelist; Vito Pandolfi, theatrical historian and director of Rome's Teatro Stabile; Umberto Eco, writer on esthetics; Paolo Portoghesi, historian of architecture, and so on. All of the editors are known for their cross-cultural and interdisciplinary approaches to their own fields. They are also solidly trained, established, and remarkably knowledgeable in all periods of the discipline they represent. Thus Portoghesi, an authority on Borromini and Bernini, is Marcatrè's specialist on the most avant-garde trends in architecture.

This perhaps accounts for *Marcatrè*'s success in contrast with the failure of other avant-garde and revolutionary magazines, brainchildren of untrained bohemians and mavericks. The editors have not only authority but an assuredness that sometimes irritates the more traditional literary groups in Italy. The liberal weekly *Espresso* is disconcerted that *Marcatrè* considers their Moravia a hidebound *éminence grise* representing a realism outmoded for some twenty years.

It is symptomatic that in Italy, where industrialists in the North subsidize prestigious but profitless literary and artistic projects, it is the engineer Lerici who picks up the tab for *Marcatrè*. (He was the scientist who first adapted radar to the exploration of Etruscan tombs.) An irritated critic in the conservative daily *Il Tempo* vented his spleen on *Marcatrè* by implying that the young editors are waxing rich on their industrial subvention. Actually, none of the editors receives a lira for his efforts; they believe that they are giving Italy, and indeed Europe, the kind of content and dialogue it needs. For that matter, they would like to find an American publisher to issue an English-language version.

Literature is a major concern of *Marcatrè*, of course, particularly literature of "counterstatement." It carries excerpts of forthcoming books by young writers. Instead of book reviews, Marcatrè runs long essays by the authors excerpted, giving them a platform where they can expound their literary credos.

One fascinating feature is "Poetry for Pictures," pages reproducing modern paintings, including pop or op art, with accompanying exegeses by contemporary poets. Perhaps no group is thinking more about the interrelation of literature with art and science: a recent essay was devoted to "Literature and Technology."

Marcatrè is also vigorous in combatting governmental or clerical censorship. A year ago it printed an article of mine on the unadaptability of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* to modern life. It has also reproduced all the paintings that were censored at the last Biennale in Venice.

Moving spirit and originator of *Marcatrè* is Eugenio Battisti, called by the magazine *Vita* the most *aggiornato* (currently informed) young art historian and art critic in Italy, who is highly praised for his books on medieval and Renaissance culture even as he arranges exhibitions of such contemporary artists as Umberto Mastroianni. When in 1933 the modest Battisti founded *Marcatrè* (the neo-Dadaist title is oil-drillers' terminology for the deepest layers of petroleum), he hoped it might become at least a *fumoir de théâtre* for Italy's intellectuals; but it has moved much closer to center stage in Europe's literary world. America may also become involved now that Professor Battisti has accepted a teaching position in art history at Pennsylvania State University, from where he will continue to edit *Marcatrè*. PSU is to be congratulated, and will no doubt do all it can to facilitate Battisti's direction of this important magazine.

Russians with forty-eight kopeks to spare can now better understand the American Jazz Age. Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* (1925) is now available in Russian, thanks to a 50,000-copy edition issued by Moscow's Publishing House for Foreign Literature. *Gatsby* is hailed in the journal *Inostrannaya Literatura* as "one of the most brilliant American social novels of this century." The critic A. Starzef notes that Fitzgerald's life, work, and lamentable fate have previously been almost unknown in Russia, a glaring lacuna in Slavic acquaintance with American letters.

Where did most Russians first encounter the name of Scott Fitzgerald? In the *Memoirs* of Hemingway, whose works were first published in the Soviet Union in 1934 and who, as Ilya Ehrenburg reminds us, in the mid-1930s was

The family of the late Aldous Huxley has authorized me to prepare an edition of his letters for publication by Harper & Row of New York and by Chatto & Windus, Ltd., London. I should be most grateful if any owners of letters from Aldous Huxley would be kind enough to send them (or copies) to me for this purpose. Original letters would of course be treated with the greatest care, and after being copied would be returned immediately.

GROVER SMITH
Associate Professor
of English
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

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named in a poll conducted by the journal *International Literature* as the most significant writer of the age.

We return again to our theme of literature as a political barometer. We still have no intelligence that Valeriy Tarsis is being punished for his anti-Communist novel *Ward 7*, an "exposé" of incarceration in a Moscow mental hospital imposed on political dissidents and would-be rebels or fugitives. In this novel, smuggled to England and published there, Tarsis condemned Communism as the "apotheosis of drabness and negation of personality." Surely the decision not to punish Tarsis is a more effective rebuke than was his incarceration in Kashchenko Psychiatric Hospital (1962-3) for his earlier anti-Communist novel *The Bluebottle*. Furthermore, the decision to let him go on writing without chastisement weakens the validity of some of the grievances contained in his books.

The dictator of Portugal has not yet learned this lesson, and is currently opening letters and telegrams of protest, signed with such names as Denis de Rougemont, Salvador de Madariaga, Jacques Maritain, and Karl Jaspers, trying to remind him that this is the twentieth century.

This year the Society of Portuguese Writers awarded its literary prize of 50,000 escudos to the novelist Luandino Vieira for his novel *Luanda*, which deals with life in contemporary Angola and is already the recipient of four literary prizes. As it turned out, "Luanda-dweller" Vieira is the pseudonym of a Portuguese migrant to Angola named José Vieira Mateus da Graça, sentenced in June 1953 to a penal colony at Tarrafal on the Cape Verde Islands as a terrorist and subversive (translation: member of the Movement for Angolan Independence). He is still there.

When the jury announced the prize, Salazar's Minister of Education dissolved the distinguished Society, three writers on the jury were arrested, and a pro-Salazar youth group wrecked the Society's offices. The *Diario de Notiças* of Lisbon, dismayed and uneasy to learn that its own critic Gaspar Simões was on the jury, denounced the jurymen as paid agents of international Communism, Judases on whose faces it would like to spit. Lisbon published a series of charges concerning da Graça's involvement in the Angola liberation movement and denouncing his fellow-conspirators, admittedly "intellectuals and literary people." The idea of calling Salazar's opponents "intellectuals" incensed Ramón Sierra, Lisbon correspondent of Madrid's daily *ABC*, who sermonized: "Let us underline one paragraph of the [judge's] sentence, which stated that all of the culprits shared an association of long date stemming from literary and ideological affinities . . . Up to what point, people are asking here, can one consent that literary and ideological affinities be mixed for purposes of subversion? That those who would destroy the social order in which we live should plot in hiding places seems natural to me and involves the usual risks. But what we do not accept is that conspirators should try to gain impunity disguised as literary men."

It would seem to me that winning a major literary prize underwritten by the conservative Gulbenkian Foundation is a remarkable literary "disguise." Also, I would remind Señor Sierra that literary men do indeed conspire against colonialism, and have done so ever since Spain was a Roman colony. I would remind him finally that "the order in which we live" has never been upset by the best literary monthly in Spain, *Insula*; yet in Granada and Madrid this summer one could not buy the May issue. At least half of the news vendors shrugged off my insistent inquiries with explanations or guesses containing the word *censura*.

If I may conclude by editorializing, it seems reasonable that so long as the Portuguese are unwilling to set aside the oldest autarchy in Europe, their colonies have even more than the usual justification for doing so (a fact our State Department forgot while scolding Mr. Nehru over Goa). When I entertain hopes for a Portuguese civilizing mission in her colonies, I remember the burst of laughter from the English-speaking native who guided me about Macao this spring. My question had been simple enough. Since I was surprised at not finding much occasion to use my Portuguese in that outpost, I asked my guide why he and his people had never bothered to learn it. His spontaneous laughter was so loud that it must have carried across the water to you know where.

—Robert J. Clements.

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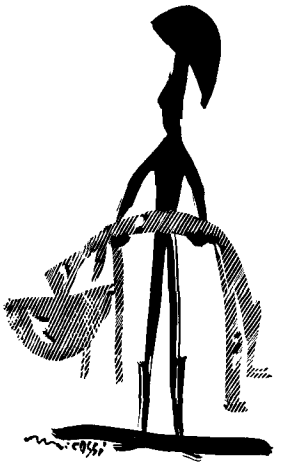
More Power, Less Security



Where Science and Politics Meet, *by Jerome B. Wiesner (McGraw-Hill. 302 pp. $6.95), and* ***The New Priesthood,*** *by Ralph E. Lapp (Harper & Row. 244 pp. $4.95), seek a formula for bringing scientist and statesman together to solve the problems raised by modern technology. Stuart Chase's books include "Men and Machines" and "Live and Let Live."*

By STUART CHASE

"BOTH sides in the arms race are thus confronted by the dilemma of steadily increasing military power and steadily decreasing national security. *It is our considered professional judgment that this dilemma has no technical solution.* . . . The clearly predictable course of the arms race is a steady open spiral downward into oblivion."

Thus Jerome Wiesner concludes his book, in a joint essay with Dr. Herbert York. No more definitive statement of the consequences of $E=MC^2$ has, in my judgment, ever been made, or from a more responsible source. Dr. Wiesner was President Kennedy's special assistant for science and technology, and is now dean of the School of Science at MIT.

The more powerful a nation becomes in the age of thermonuclear weapons, the more lethal the inventions of its military technologists, the more its security diminishes. Nuclear physics has put this stunning paradox before the heads of state, but neither the statesmen nor the scientists have yet found out how to deal with it. U.S. statesmen, escalating their war in Vietnam, have obviously not mastered the proposition that there is no satisfactory military solution. The only enduring solution to national disputes must now be political—for which the partial test-ban treaty was an encouraging first step.

Dr. Ralph Lapp, who worked on the Manhattan Project and later was consultant for the War Department and head of the nuclear physics branch of the Office of Naval Research, has reached a similar conclusion. He too explores the area where scientist and statesman meet. At one point in his book he quotes Wiesner on the "spiral into oblivion." Both authors agree that the principles of nuclear physics have made large wars obsolete in the sense that they could achieve anything beyond mutual suicide.

In an earlier book, *Kill and Overkill,* Dr. Lapp documented the proposition in great detail. How, he now asks, can scientists help statesmen reach political solutions? What is their proper place in government today? Scientists have become, he says, a kind of new priesthood, but what is their role in high-energy societies? Applied science has not only made large wars obsolete but created a host of nonmilitary problems, such as air and water pollution, automation, megalopolis. Science and politics meet in the Great Society as well as in the Pentagon.

Clearly we are dealing here with a fundamental question. If scientists and statesmen cannot reach some kind of mutual understanding and agree on workable programs, the spiral into oblivion will continue unhindered, while other unfortunate byproducts of technology will increase. President Kennedy, speaking to a conference of scientists, put it this way: "Every time you scientists make a major invention, we politicians have to make a new invention to cope with it." But, as Dr. Lapp wryly observes, the political invention is normally too long delayed. Take, for instance, the United Nations. It was a political invention fathered by President Roosevelt to cope with the nuclear age. The UN was not so much delayed as it was inadequate; a much stronger political invention was needed to keep the peace. (Perhaps the UN can be made stronger.)

Both authors address themselves to these fundamental questions. Both devote large portions of their books to play-by-play accounts of recent activity of scientists in Washington. Both are searching for a formula that can bring politician and scientist together in a problem-solving partnership. Neither has found such a formula, but both have explored the background and made thoughtful suggestions.

Dr. Wiesner describes his work as consultant to President Kennedy, his reaction as a scientist to various disarmament proposals, including the test ban treaty. He does not favor a Department of Science in the federal government, but says:

> The most productive single step that could be taken at this time would be to create the mechanism that would permit Congress to examine and decide upon science programs by fields of endeavor—oceanography, water resources, etc. If this cannot be done, it will not be possible to plan and implement effective science programs that span many agencies.

Thus scientists must help Congress take the over-all view, unhampered by narrow specialization. Dr. Wiesner does not believe it essential for politicians to have a Ph.D. degree. He thinks them quite capable of making high level decisions as politicians. A bureau chief or a Congressman, he says, can figure out the national need for 90 per cent of the R & D (research and development outlays) in the budget of a given year. They should not attempt to pass on the technical validity of the proposals—*e.g.*, a desalination project. That must be left to the experts, who should devise means, not ends. The politicians will be aware of what needs to be done. Scientists will then show them how technically it can be done—presumably through a coordinating mechanism still to be created.

IN the field of "pure" science, however, basic research into the laws of nature, scientists themselves, says Dr. Wiesner, must make the decisions. Politicians have no competence in this department. Does an atom smasher need to be two miles long? No Senator, unless he has a Ph.D. in atomic physics, should tangle with this one.

Dr. Lapp would like to have more Senators with a Ph.D. degree. He favors a Department of Science alongside the Departments of Labor and Commerce. He digs up the statistics on the number of scientists already in Congress, and finds the percentage minuscule. He agrees with Dr. Wiesner, however, that scientists should be concerned with means, not ends, in total social policy. "Scientists," he says, "are not anointed with special authority to decide which choices to make. The choices should be made freely with the full counsel of scientists, but they should be made by the people as a whole." Or presumably by the people's representatives.

Dr. Lapp is acutely aware of the problems created by technology, and the

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necessity of national planning to cope with them. He forecasts a budget for 1980, with the GNP (gross national product) at $1.3 trillion and Federal R & D at $35 billion. (It is now about $15 billion.) After deducting $10 billion for R & D in arms control, he sets up targets for R & D in medicine, conservation, oceanography, space, atmospheric programs, etc. He would have a Continental Water Authority, a kind of super TVA "in which the run-off of precipitation is redirected by a system of engineered watersheds and waterways." It could be tied in with a system of national weather control.

But, says Dr. Lapp, never allow the scientists to run the show exclusively. He does not mention "Technocracy," but that ghost of the 1930s is what he fears.

The country is fortunate in having two such able scientists profoundly concerned with the impact of technology on the human condition. Both shy away from a government controlled by technocrats. Both see thermonuclear war as the outstanding threat, but with a formidable list of other problems raised by science close behind.

OUR authors have started the dialogue on a subject second to none in importance for the future of the race. They have started it not as theoreticians, but as active participants in Washington's corridors of power. Dr. Lapp gives an absorbing account of the Manhattan Project, beginning with Einstein's letter to President Roosevelt. He describes the Oppenheimer case, the great fall out controversy, and the shifting power plays that led to the test ban treaty. It might be mentioned that his regard for Admiral Lewis Strauss is not excessive.

My only reservation is that the dialogue should be expanded to include intensive R & D in the behavioral sciences, especially cultural anthropology and social psychology. How are we to plan for a great society without knowing more about human nature, as well as about the hydrologic cycle? The dialogue should also be expanded to include more about control of the population explosion, which, to my mind, is a danger second only to the thermonuclear explosion—and perhaps for the long run even more ominous.

Finally, I take a middle course in respect to scientists in politics. It is not important that many Congressmen should be Ph.D.'s, but I think it very important that every Congressman, and every political leader for that matter, should have a clear understanding of the scientific method. He should know how a scientist orders his thoughts, what is a demonstrated fact and what is a hypothesis, and how a scientist is always prepared to say, when the evidence comes in, "I was wrong."

Man and Dominion

Power and Human Destiny, *by Herbert Rosinski (Praeger. 206 pp. $5.95), deals with the effort to control environment, both natural and manmade. The most recent book by Michael Curtis, professor of political science at Rutgers University, is "Western European Integration."*

By MICHAEL CURTIS

THE ELUSIVE concept of power has intrigued students of politics since the days of Aristotle. In recent years it has been explored from a variety of perspectives: sociological, philosophical, analytical, linguistic, military, by writers such as Harold Lasswell, George Catlin, Franz Neumann, C. Wright Mills, and Bertrand de Jouvenal. To the rapidly growing literature on the subject has now been added a troubled posthumous work by Herbert Rosinski, which has been edited and completed for publication by Richard Stebbins.

The thesis of Rosinski seems to have an improbable pedigree, by Teilhard de Chardin out of Hegel and Marx. Man is defined and differentiated from all other beings by virtue of his capacity to establish himself as an individual. History is a continual process of man's self-transformation and progressive self-liberation from the bondage of nature. Man's search for freedom and for his own way of life is inevitably one for power over his environment. Power is not a limited phenomenon but an objective quality of all reality.

This universality of power was clearly recognized in earlier historical periods, which embodied it in natural phenomena, a multiplicity of gods, or a single god. In post-medieval times, discussion of power in mythico-religious terms was replaced by a naturalistic analysis largely limited to political and military institutions. This allowed the development of a view of a private sphere, devoid of power, in which the individual could act autonomously. The problem with which Rosinski is concerned is that modern man has forgotten that purely private activities, outside of political or military affairs, have also become a source of power that needs responsible recognition and control.

Rosinski paints with broad, sweeping strokes a portrait of history divided into three main eras during the last 10,000 years: the agricultural civilizations, the four post-medieval centuries, and the industrial civilizations. During the first era the four High Civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, and India all left a distinctive mark. But while the two Eastern civilizations reduced man to a mere member of the universal order and prevented him from achieving a con-

"I'm amazed at how relaxed you can be, knowing the future and all that."

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sciousness of his uniqueness, the Western civilizations, through the Judaeo-Christian tradition and Greco-Roman experience, provided the basis for his liberation. In the second period—characterized by secularism, the modern state, the separation of state and society, modern science, and the industrial revolution—the idea developed of the individual as a private person, but at the same time man became increasingly enmeshed in a world whose structure and relationships he no longer controlled. The sketch of modern industrial civilization is perfunctory, concentrating on the unprecedented degree of organization that extends throughout the intricate network of human activities, and the lack of coordination and harmonizing activities in the interests of society as a whole.

This is the Western European perspective of world history, permeated by a kind of historical inevitability from which the contingent and the unforeseen are absent. The difficulty with Rosinski's analysis is that it is cast in such broad categories, unrelated to concrete phenomena, events, or persons, that at any moment it might be controverted by an inconvenient fact.

Rosinski's work is sober and existential in substance, but without the despair of those who lovingly embrace the absurd. There is an urgency in the pleading for control over power and for the growth of a spirit of awareness and responsibility. Rosinski is concerned that man today is too little interested in mastery of his fate and too inclined to drift without any comprehensive understanding and control of his situation. This intellectual disorganization is best illustrated by contemporary views on war and peace and by the acquiescent acceptance of the precarious and uncertain current state of mutual deterrence or balance of terror. All nations, democratic, Communist, and newly independent alike, are, for different reasons, reluctant to deal with the problem of power.

The fact that Rosinski's analysis is not original, and that Walter Lippmann wrote in almost identical vein fifty years ago, does not diminish the cogency or significance of the argument, though it is not always as clearly expounded as one might wish. But unfortunately Rosinski's prescription for the correct way ahead is vague and inconclusive. We may agree that it is vital to perceive the unity of mankind amid the multiplicity and variety of civilizations; but the final hortatory plea that we reorient our education toward "the inculcation of a spirit of dynamic responsibility," resynthesize our knowledge, and recognize tension as the structural basis of all future existence, is singularly inadequate in its lack of precision and baffling by its lack of relationship to the major theme of control over power.

Descendants of Eve

Robert Graves—"the original champion of matriarchy."

Mammon and the Black Goddess, *by Robert Graves (Doubleday. 165 pp. $3.95), and* ***The Flight from Woman,*** *by Karl Stern (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 310 pp. $4.95), discuss the kind of femininity that is "Muse incarnate" and "nourishing and destroying divinity." Emile Capouya's essays and reviews appear regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

LET US take a trivial instance. Thoreau says, "I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust." That little episode presents a paradigm of a certain kind of male temperament. Thoreau felt that he had important work to perform, and for his purposes it was essential to travel light, to strip down to his fighting weight, even abandoning homely comforts and offending against the household pieties.

At the opposite pole is another familiar paradigm—that of the variety of female temperament whose important work requires the very objects that Thoreau rejects as superfluous, and for whom the household is not merely a means but an end. Thoreau never married; he built a great book. If all were minded so, "threescore years would make the world away." By contrast, the femininity we are talking about is concerned with the survival of the race. Robert Graves and Karl Stern devote their very different books to that kind of femininity, one that takes the household mysteries as its point of departure but ends, theoretically at least, in a demi-godhead or more, a nourishing and destroying divinity, like the sea or the skull-festooned Kali.

Mark Twain speaks of the calm confidence of a Christian holding four aces. Mr. Graves shows a like certitude, that of a pagan worshipper of the Muse who has an excellent volume of poems to show anyone who might be tempted to doubt that he has enjoyed her favor. Mr. Graves tells us that the Muse is incarnated, from time to time, in this or that woman of flesh and blood, and that she is fickle by nature but still constrained to observe some of the decencies because of her dependence on the poet for worship. Now, here is a question of great theoretical interest. Is Mr. Graves right? Does the Muse ever *have* to care about her poet? Ronsard's famous sonnet predicts that she will marvel, in time to come, how *Ronsard me celebroit du*

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temps que j'estois belle, "regretting," he adds, "my love and your proud disdain." And Yeats, in his adaptation of the same poem, beginning

> When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
> And nodding by the fire, take down this book. . . .

goes on to prophesy that she will "murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled . . . and hid his face amid a crowd of stars." The assertions of poets suggest that the Muse, alone among women, regrets the suitors she misprizes. Important news, if true. Shakespeare is characteristically prudent on this point: "That in black ink my love may still shine bright." Steadfastness and fidelity are here attributed to the poet, not to the object of his worship. That sounds more like the world we are familiar with.

Mr. Graves characterizes in some detail the woman who may be the Muse made flesh. She is unconventional, wayward, tender but unscrupulous, original in her dress and in her style of cookery. Apparently, she needs the poet in the same way that a nation does—that she may become fully conscious of herself and of her powers. She is against complicated machines, cybernetics, and the defilement of outer space with electronic devices and the tag-ends of rockets. She is contemptuous of money. She is indifferent to the promise of automation. And, in general, she is aristocratic or proletarian, never bourgeois. At this point, Mr. Graves's Muse incarnate shades subtly into a creature he calls "real woman," and thence into womankind. And this is the point at which a poet's private devotions become a public concern, where our respect for his religious liberty stops and our interest in his secular philosophy asserts itself.

Let us agree at once that women are different from men. But are the psychological and spiritual differences innate? If innate, are they significant? To deny women innate and significant differences sounds a little like denying them dignity, and yet the instinct to exploit them has generally made much of their alleged differences. To go no further, it is easy to see how convenient it is for a poet, or a plumber, to have a Muse whose soul is linked to his and yet is strangely free—so that inspiration need never flag because of surfeit—and who cooks the meals and keeps the house in order, too.

Women are generally, and reasonably, suspicious of attempts to empedestal them because they find the position confining. Not that we can question Mr. Graves's sincerity. He is the original champion of matriarchy, a system of government-by-love which he believes characterized the Golden Age; and apparently he is perfectly ready to grant women all the rights and privileges that such a system implies. But for every selfless poet like Mr. Graves there must be ten thousand *Kinder, Kuche, Kirche* vulgarians who are interested in women mainly as sources of cheap labor, economic and emotional. For that reason, while we may listen respectfully to Mr. Graves's description of the Muse, we had best look carefully before accepting his portrait of "real woman."

Dr. Karl Stern is also in favor of women, but the contours of his enthusiasm are a little more difficult to capture. That is so partly because he is at once a Christian and a Freudian, a sufficiently complicated position. In our own lives, of course, an ethical code derived from Christian teachings can carry on tacit, harmonious, and mutually profitable relations with psychological insights derived from Freud. But any attempt to make the tenets explicit at once reveals the formal contradictions in the systems, and their contradictory assumptions about the nature of man. While Dr. Stern is clearly a humane and imaginative critic of the way in which we live, I find it distracting to watch him rob Peter to pay Sigmund, and sometimes the other way round, as he tries to persuade us that modern society is in flight from woman, to its and our prejudice.

His method is to study, and partly to psychoanalyze, a number of thinkers and artists whom he takes to be typical and influential—Descartes, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Tolstoy, Kierkegaard, Sartre—and one fictional character, Hedda Gabler. Dr. Stern expresses an appropriate skepticism about the usefulness of psychoanalytic reconstruction of dead geniuses. He is generally careful to point out the limitations of this or that metaphor or comparison. And yet, at crucial points, he relies on psychoanalytic portraits that must always be problematic because we cannot ask the subjects to recount their dreams and associate freely; and he opens himself to charges of abusing, precisely, the limits of metaphor and comparison. It is one thing to be wise, another to be scientific. We all understand that there is something cold about Cartesian rationalism—or at least something cold and frightened about Cartesian rationalists. But coldness in this sense cannot be proved in court, and perhaps it is neither wise nor scientific to attempt it.

The chief value of Dr. Stern's book, then, lies in its power to persuade us that an undirected technology is not merely mindless and heartless itself but influences human beings to jettison the emotional and intellectual cargo that makes them human beings. And then there are the personal and historical sketches, written with a good deal of charm and fervor, to be read sympathetically and yet with a decent reserve.

Back to the Nursery: Jane Addams is dead, as dead as all the other feminists who, fifty years and more ago, fought for the right to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the work of the world.

In their place today is a generation of young women whose social horizon is bounded by the nursery school and the supermarket; who work—if they have to—at jobs, not careers; and who spawn like prideful rabbits. Today a woman doctor will renounce her profession in favor of raising seven children, and inform us complacently: "My husband doesn't give a hoot that I can whip out an appendix, but he was thrilled when I became a good cook."

Evidence for the enormous change that has taken place in America during the last few decades comes from *Why Young Mothers Feel Trapped,* edited by Robert Stein (Trident, $4.95), a collection of thirty-two articles which are considered representative of nearly 50,000 manuscripts submitted to *Redbook* Magazine for its series entitled "A Young Mother's Story."

And what do these representative young women have on their minds? Well, mostly they have problems, almost all of them connected with large broods of children underfoot. They can't get all the housework done. They felt guilty about not wanting the third baby (until after she was born). They felt guilty about not liking the second child (until he squeaked, "Love voo, Mom"). There isn't enough money. There isn't enough intellectual stimulation. There isn't enough time alone with their husbands.

Happily, all of these problems and many others were solved by a combination of common sense, flashing insight, and love, love, love. One young mother with four toddlers in the house actually managed to go back to college, and another has resumed her career as a singer. But these are exceptions; the others remain satisfied with reorganization within their child-oriented little worlds, their trap—if it is a trap—self-chosen.

—Margaret Parton.

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An Accident of Life

***Once a Greek...**, by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Knopf. 180 pp. $3.95), puts high and low comedy situations to philosophic duty. Arthur Darack is book and art director of the Cincinnati Enquirer and adjunct associate professor of esthetics and musicology at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

THE PHILOSOPHICAL novel, like the harlot's smile, is a form of professional deceit. Promising edification as sugar-coating, it trades upon a repertory of literary tricks, chief of them the bizarre (also beloved of symbolist novelists), usually with a plot as gimmicked as a stripper, and with an ending in which the moral argument is joined, briefly and ambiguously.

Is it demonstration? Preachment? A manual for the practice of deceit—dissimulation, calumny, sanctimoniousness, hypocrisy, and the seven deadly virtues—for the entire family?

Friedrich Duerrenmatt, the Swiss novelist-dramatist, grandson of the satirist Ulrich Duerrenmatt, has produced a series of comic plays and detective stories where the crime is major (murder), the criminal minor (all of us), the solution either absurd or, what is worse, rational. Chance or accident, he implies, is one of the chief initiating factors in human affairs—this with the authority of Aristotle and other comic metaphysicians, who begin their routines with "have you heard the metaphorical accident about . . .?" and attempt a logical exposition of what they have just defined as illogical.

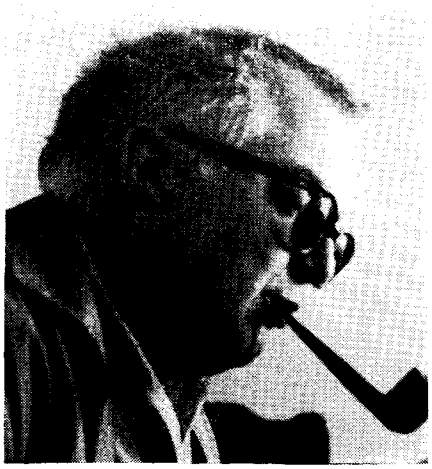
Tragedy, Duerrenmatt has said, is impossible in the atomic age, and the writer must use comedy to reveal the tragic condition of man. This apparently paradoxical esthetic is no more mystifying than Sartre's *No Exit*, which in fact exemplifies it. Does this make Duerrenmatt an Existentialist? No. He is a kind of moral logician writing plays and novels. The novels, of which *Once a Greek . . .* is the latest, are not so well known as the play *The Visit*, in which revenge for an ancient wrong is a sardonic sonata played savagely.

The moral argument is secondary to the mystery in Duerrenmatt's novel *The Judge and His Hangman*. It is, on that account, either the best or the least of his books, depending on whether you look to mystery stories for instruction in crime or in morality.

In *Traps* Duerrenmatt turned an intellectual game, in which justice is examined, into a grisly conclusion; and in *The Pledge* he began to see the limitations of moral argument presented as mystery. To be sure, the mystery thriller with its format of clue and implication seems close to moral argument with its logical parade of data, development, and conclusion. It may be rejoined that sexual promiscuity, in part the theme of *Once a Greek . . .*, is close in biological programming to sacred matrimony; but it cannot on that count alone receive holy sanction. That is because bizarre details, however realistically they may be urged upon us, do not determine the form of an act, but only its outward trappings. The detective thriller, like the promiscuous adventure, trades on what is exotic, unexpected—in a word, accidental. (If chance were removed from promiscuity, holy wedlock's stock would undoubtedly zoom.)

Duerrenmatt tried nobly in *The Pledge* to rescue the thriller as moral agent; he failed, and produced another engaging murder story with heady overtones. He then switched to satiric farce for *Once a Greek . . .*, thus suggesting that his comic-play technique (*So It Is Written, The Blind Man, Romulus the Great, The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi, An Angel Comes to Babylon*, and *The Visit*) is equally applicable to the novel.

Once a Greek . . . is a novel from which every serious consideration has been removed except the point, which is, as in the past, the assertion that chance plays sardonic tricks on us. The best will in the world, though informed by morality, justice, economy, and industry, all geared to what is predictable, cannot triumph over what is not. The importance of this message, in an age of totalitarian dedication, cannot be overestimated.



Friedrich Duerrenmatt—"a kind of moral logician."

The book tells a story of a clerk, raised to exalted status because he blundered into a projected marriage to the most famous courtesan in the country. Chloé has dispensed her favors to the chief of state, the leading industrialist, bishop, etc., all of which gentlemen are now anxious to be rid of her for reasons that are never made clear.

Chloé possesses every allure and every vice; Archilochos, the clerk, has every common virtue—thrift, continence, sobriety, industry. Duerrenmatt, like every male writer worth his salt, will reverse the historic injustice that considers great feminine allure and its enjoyment a vice, and masculine stuffiness a virtue. Every male reader will cheer Duerrenmatt on; every female will be puzzled at his failure. If a woman is so desirable, a man ought to find reasons and a morality to justify access to her; if he cannot, he is the worst of failures—the moralist whose principles stand in the way of natural law.

THE comic situations made inevitable by this familiar juxtaposition are varied, spasmodic, and unpredictable. They are exactly the reverse of the prim logic of Duerrenmatt's detective novels. They are also more entertaining.

Chloé, the classic Greek temptress, having exposed the hypocritical structure of modern society—Communist or capitalist—by means of her great physical beauty and powerful seductions, decides to chuck it all for the simple, good life. She will marry a true son of Greece and live happily ever after.

The monumental scorn implicit in this situation is treated whimsically; the humor also entails incidents in which slapstick, as well as high and low comedy, is conspicuous. Archilochos is slightly reminiscent of Dorcon in the Daphnis and Chloé legend; in other words, he is oafish. Duerrenmatt does not worry very much about the niceties of character development. He shifts his man from servile clerk to personage of power in the manner of Molière and the old Italian playwrights.

Satiric farce offers the widest latitude: it can be poetic, as with Molière; scathing, as in the case of Sheridan; highly polished and glittering, as with Wilde. Duerrenmatt steers a safe, effective middle course. The result is a play disguised as a novel, amusing and easy to read. It now awaits its dramatization.

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Widowers and Wanderers

At the Crossroads, *by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Simon & Schuster. 256 pp. $5.50), comprises a second collection of short stories by the author of "Mrs. Bridge." Warren Bower is director of the Writing Center at N.Y.U.*

By WARREN BOWER

BOOKS of short stories play various roles in the strategy of building a career in writing. Occasionally, especially in recent years when several collections of brief fiction have won National Book Awards, they may effectively launch writers upon the national scene. But the most traditional role of the short story is that of journeyman work, since the form is easily accessible to beginners, its technique is now markedly flexible, and it does not require a great commitment of time before competence can be established, as does the novel. Happily, during some thirty years in American publishing there have been enough magazines, little or big, printing quality stories to help fledgling writers make reputations, among editors at least if not among a large body of readers.

One author who may now properly be called established and who began his visible literary career with a book of short stories is Evan S. Connell, Jr. In 1957 he published *The Anatomy Lesson*, a genuinely distinguished volume of stories, mature in themes and writing. It was followed by a successful novel, *Mrs. Bridge*. Then came the novel *The Patriot*, less successful both in significance and in sales. Connell next published a work not easy to describe, which his present publishers choose to call a "prose poem," under the title *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*.

The first thing to be said about *At the Crossroads* is that there is good work in it, but that the stories included are less consistently effective than those in *The Anatomy Lesson*. It would seem to be a gathering of stories written since 1957, three of them a group built around a character named Muhlbach, who also appeared in the story "Arcturus" in the first book. These could have been a trial run for a novel, just as a number of the oddly brief "chapters" in *Mrs. Bridge* appeared in *The Anatomy Lesson* as a short story, "The Beau Monde of Mrs. Bridge." The first piece in the Muhlbach group, "St. Augustine's Pigeon," is a moving account of a widower seeking female companionship, being humiliated and cheated, and suffering a climactic indignity from a pigeon. Wholly successful in achieving a vivid sense of the pathos and pitiability of loneliness, it is easily the most rewarding and fully realized story in the book.

The third piece in the Muhlbach group, "Otto and the Magi," is discontinuous, a mixed-up narrative in which Connell falls victim to his own facility with words and ideas and scenes. He seems to have set down what may well have actually happened, plus his comments upon the people involved, their motives, intentions, meanings; but it is all out of control, self-indulgent, without apparent concern for the reader. To be sure, Connell is no deviser of neat plots; his best stories flow in a rhythm of their own, with a high correspondence to what transpires within a subtle mind. His worst are without structure, and flow turgidly because of the heavy burden of private comment and extraneous detail carried by the stream of the narrative. A gross example is the description of the drink requested by one of the characters in this story: ". . . bourbon mixed with a commercial preparation whose taste is as noxious to the tongue as its name is to the ear, a magenta-colored syrup symbolic of the esthetics of America."

The last stories in the volume comprise another triptych of tales under the general title of "Leon and Bébert." In each of these two garrulous young men comment interminably upon whatever comes into their heads. There is no narrative interest; the talk goes on and on with no relevance to anything. What is accomplished is merely a fulsome demonstration of two shallow, chattering gossips. In a transparent effort to supply a reason for finding these dull sketches important, a blurb-writer in the publisher's office has applied the term "surrealism"—as if a label that sounds impressive and esoteric could by itself furnish what is lacking in the sketches themselves.

Evan S. Connell—an interesting and resourceful experimenter.

Between these two groups of related stories appear six brief sketches. "The Corset" is much the most successful of the lot, a bright bit of fun with the idea of making sex in the home rather more like what it has become in modern fiction. The title story, "At the Crossroads," is a piece of undoubted surrealism, the scene "the intersection of two empty highways in the desert."

Mr. Connell is an interesting and resourceful experimenter with freer forms in the short story. In this volume he has widened his range, developed his freedom to bend form and structure to his own purposes. If there seems to be less return from these experiments than one could wish, it may well be that in more considerable works to follow the results of the present trials and occasional errors may reward writer and reader alike.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WORD CHAINS

One word-pair (the words may be joined or separate) can be linked with another when the second word of one pair is the same as the first word of the next (e.g., *horseshoe, shoehorn*). Several such links make a chain. Milton Van Dyke of Stanford, California, asks you to construct ten *closed* chains, each to contain one of the word-pairs listed below. (Example: BACKLASH: *lash out, outcome, comeback,* BACKLASH.) There's a roundup of the chain gang on page 38.

1. POLECAT
2. WORD CHAIN
3. ROAD HOG
4. BRUSH FIRE
5. LOCKJAW
6. WATCH CHARM
7. RAT RACE
8. BOOKWORM
9. CHAIN GANG
10. GAME FISH

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Criminal Record

The Life and Death of Colonel Albert Jennings Fountain. *By A. M. Gibson. University of Oklahoma Press.* $5.95. Colonel Fountain, a special U.S. district attorney prosecuting land-fraud cases, and his eight-year-old son were murdered in 1896 near Luna's Well, New Mexico; Fountain's arch-enemy in the territory was Albert B. Fall, later of Teapot Dome infamy, and the only American Cabinet member ever to do time; three men charged with the killings were acquitted. A well-documented, vivid account of a crime that is still a hardy conversation-piece in the West.

Special Agent: A Quarter Century with the Treasury Department and the Secret Service. *By Frank J. Wilson and Beth Day. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.95. The retired chief of the government agency whose job it is to protect the President and the dollar reminisces entertainingly, and makes several suggestions for reducing the hazards confronting a Chief Executive that are well worth taking to heart.

Red Spies in the UN. By Pierre J. Huss and George Carpozi. Coward-McCann. $5.50. This wrap-up of memorable cases from Valentin Gubitchev (deported 1949) to John William Butenko and Igor A. Ivanov (sentenced 1964—appeals pending) is detailed and comprehensive.

Mystery in the Channel and ***Crime at Guildford.*** *By Freeman Wills Crofts. Penguin, Paperback, 75¢ each.* Publication of these two titles, originally issued in 1931 and 1935, restores to print an author whose great creation, Inspector French of New Scotland Yard, delighted devotees of the authentic detective story for more than a generation. *The Sea Mystery* and *The Cheyne Mystery* will soon follow. Bravo!

Number One: A Story of Landru. *By René Marson. Translated from the French by Gillian Tindall. Doubleday.* $5.95. This fictionalized account of the career of France's twentieth-century Bluebeard (a career which ended at the guillotine) does not spare the harrowing details.

Homicide Blonde. *By Maurice Proctor. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Strangulation of five young females has cops of English metropolitan area grinding teeth; Chief Inspector Martineau carries the main load. Professional as usual, but not quite up to *Two Men in Twenty.*

The Day the Call Came. *By Thomas Hinde. Vanguard.* $4.50. English gentleman-farmer (narrator) awaits instructions from "them" that will send him forth to accomplish his mission; attitude of numerous neighbors (human and canine) is important. The reader is quickly chained to a compulsion paralleling that faced by the protagonist.

The Lure of the Bush. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $3.95. This book brings to an American audience for the first time an account of Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte's first case, originally issued in Australia in the 1920s. A publishing event, naturally, and a fine tale.

Vote X for Treason. *By Brian Cleeve. Random House.* $3.95. Irish politico, doing life in Dublin clink, is released to British Intelligence on mission to infiltrate "New Party" having Fascist leanings. Picks up pace nicely.

The Jealous One. *By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott.* $3.50. It's woman vs. woman in this emotion-packed example of the green-eyed monster in action in provincial English district.

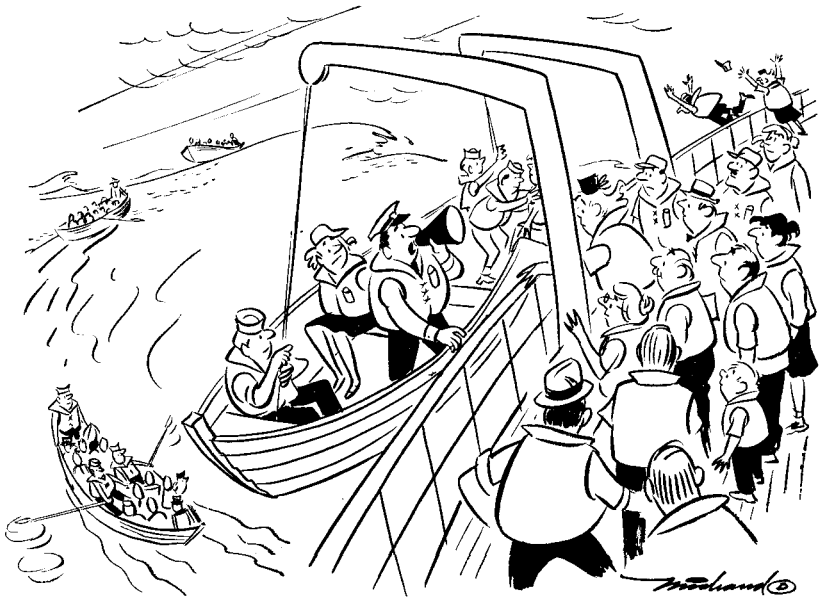
The Belting Inheritance. *By Julian Symons. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Acknowledged heirs tizzy when missing-in-action "son" appears as fresh claimant to English estate; there are murders old and new. OK if you want a Victorian throwback.

Death of a Delft Blue. *By Gladys Mitchell. London House & Maxwell.* $3.95. Amiable multifamily yarn (there's a tree) involves considerable travel, with stress on Amsterdam; there's also a murder. Note to the unhorticultural: A Delft blue is a hyacinth, not a teacup.

The Man in the Mirror. *By Frederick Ayer, Jr. Regnery.* $4.50. Ex-Nazi colonel, tucked snugly away under alias in Argentina, is seized by Commies for delicate substitution chore in heart of U.S.; portrait of Washington, D.C., is unflattering. Bang-bang action from start to finish.

Thicker than Water. *By Medeleine Polland. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50 Visit to childhood home in Ireland gives English professor's wife anxious moments as question of identity arises; tension mounts steadily in this heads-up, well-written performance.

The Lonely Breeze. *By Van Siller. Crime Club.* $3.50. Successful New York novelist and her secretary (who is narrator) motor to Florida's West coast to get warm and find things hotter than they had anticipated; two murders, plus solution of an old one. Smooth and well-handled baffler. —SERGEANT CUFF.



"Women, children, and those on the Pay Later Plan first."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Here are the suggested missing links for constructing each chain, but you may be able to construct shorter or longer ones: 1. fish, pole *(polecat, catfish, fishpole, polecat).* 2. saw, horse, play, house, key, word. 3. back, road. 4. house, paint, brush. 5. bone, head, lock. 6. school, house, dog ,watch. 7. horse, back, pack, rat. 8. wood, pile, up, stage, hand, book. 9. war, chest, nut, tree, house, key, chain. 10. ball, game.

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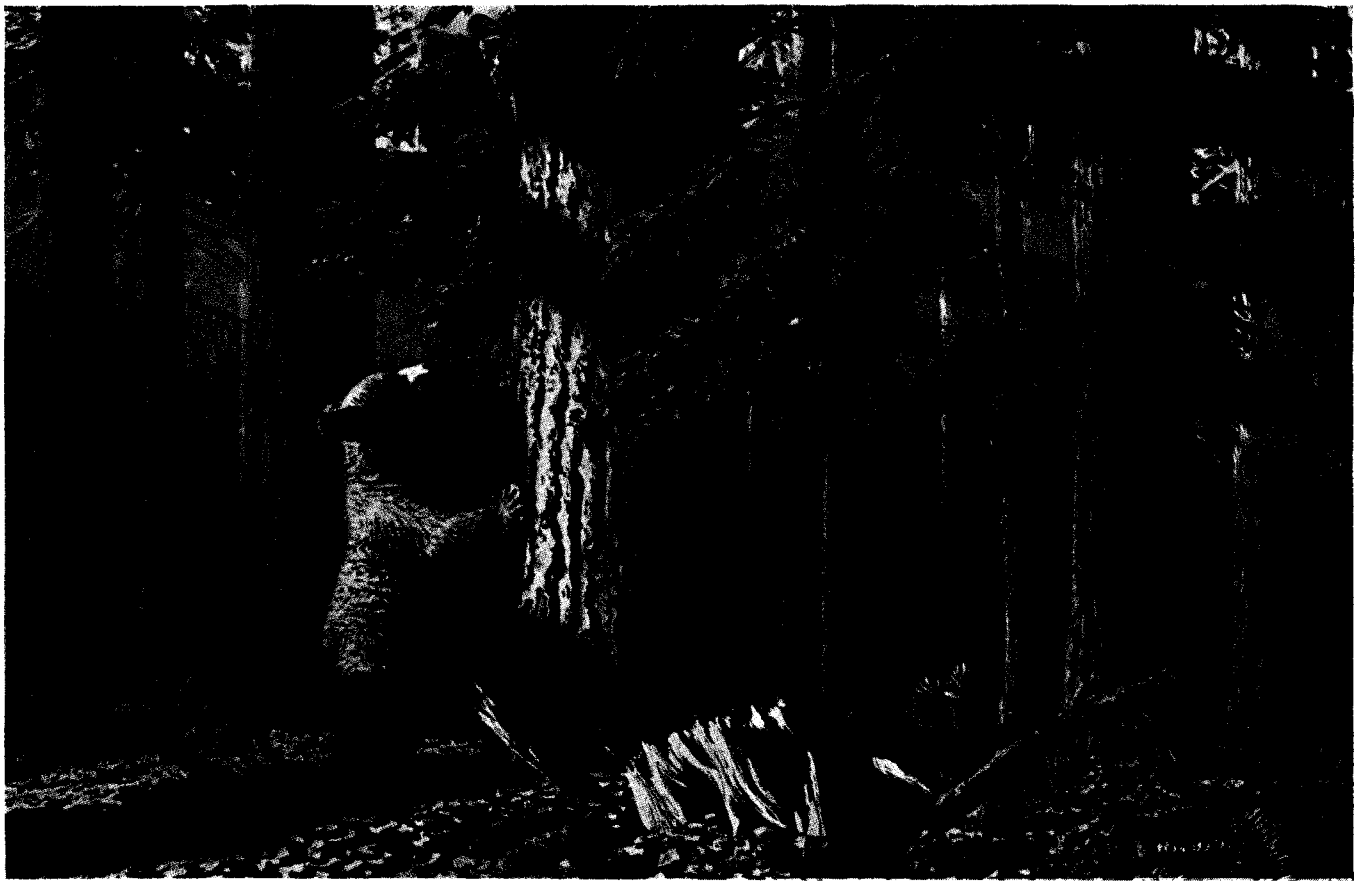

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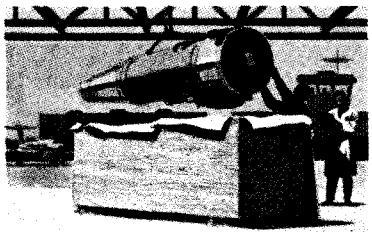

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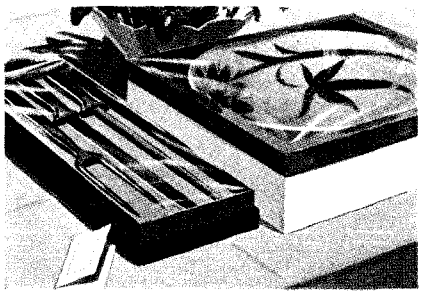

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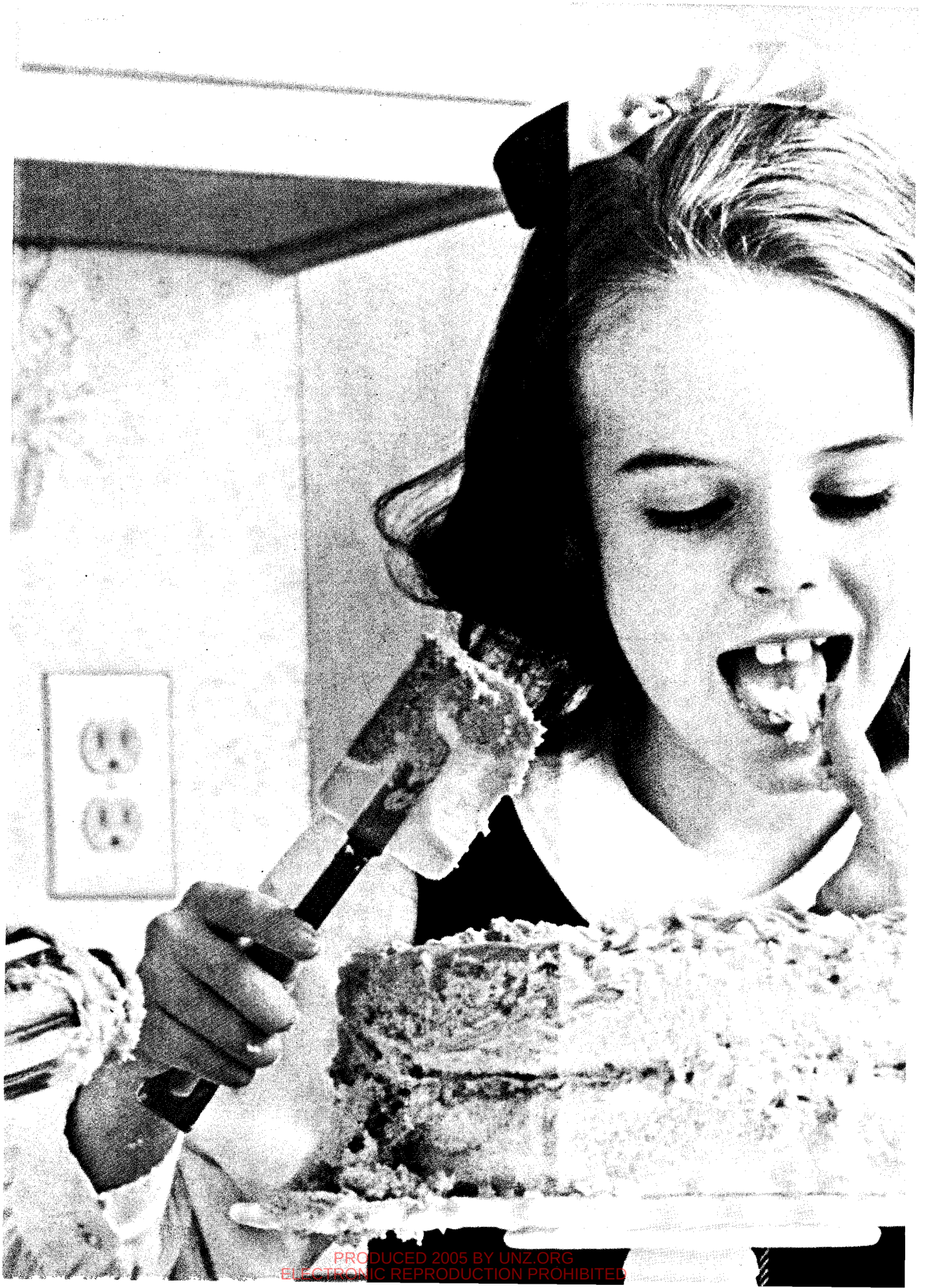

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IBM computers help make cooking more fun

THIS little girl has baked a perfect cake. It's moist and fluffy-light, even though she peeked in the oven a little too soon. The mocha frosting is simply delicious.

Food, today, is easier than ever to fix. In many ways, IBM computers help make that possible.

For example, the cake-mix maker used an IBM computer to discover an ideal baking recipe among many thousands of possible combinations of ingredients.

The prepared frosting is specially blended. It just can't miss being creamy. An IBM computer was used to help formulate it.

Better foods with computers

Work with computers may start with crops fresh from the field. Hundreds of kinds of tomatoes come to market. Which will make the richest kind of catsup? The tastiest pizza? The tangiest cocktail juice?

A food processor can easily decide, when aided by an IBM computer—just as a canner can decide which peaches should be packed whole, sliced, or diced for fruit salad.

Yet this is only the beginning of the food revolution. Half the foods now on your grocer's shelves were not there ten years ago. New kinds of "instant" foods are here, from heat-and-eat canapés to freeze-dried fruits for year-round menus. Specialized foods are available to suit different tastes, and different nutritional needs from babyhood on.

From 5½ to 1½ hours a day

The happy result is this: fifteen years ago, the average American homemaker spent 5½ hours of her day preparing food. *Today, she spends about 1½ hours each day.*

"Computers now enter every phase of our work," a food company executive recently said. "With IBM computers we research the soils in the fields, research the seeds and plants for the crops, the processes and the containers, and then we research the taste preferences of our customers.

"*Along the way, we research new foods, new flavorings—and, finally, we use computers to help in the distribution of our products to stores.*"

More food surprises of every type are being readied for your table. And if they become too irresistible, there are all kinds of appetizing low-calorie foods as well.

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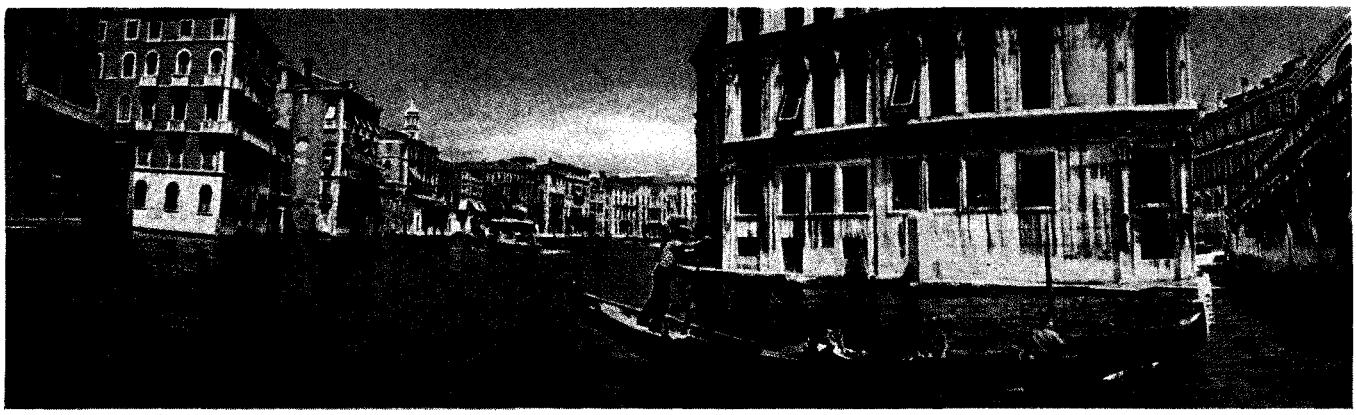

You may not believe Venice when you first see it. To cross the street, you use a gondola.

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Of Bangers, Blighters, and Bloaters—2

EVER SINCE Britain got into the tourist business following the last war, the matter of the British kitchen has been a gravy stain on the otherwise unblemished British image. In his effort to restore the Empire's reputation to its proper rank in the world, Lord Geddes, the chairman of the British Travel Association, has been energetically stirring a renaissance on the range, as we mentioned last week. In his speeches he has called for a return to "the wonderful old recipes of this country" and asked, in a rather revolutionary aside, that they be printed on the bills of fare in English. A controversy was stirred in the London press, during which Lord Geddes was attacked for presuming that the food was good in England. In his counterargument Lord Geddes said British food and cooking have been unappreciated so long because the British suffer from a culinary inferiority complex. The local cuisine goes far beyond bangers, which are sausages to be bought at a pub, or bloaters, an outsized herring.

Besides inviting a hundred food writers from the Continent to spend an eating week in England, a daring move to say the least, Lord Geddes has also written the foreword of a new book called *The Art of British Cooking* (Doubleday, $4.95). Now, there are many who will be surprised at the presumption of the title, or even that there should be a book on British cooking at all. But not Lord Geddes and certainly not the author, Theodora FitzGibbon. "The British have passed through a period," Lord Geddes writes, "when to evince an interest in food, to talk about it, to show enthusiasm for it, was deemed eccentric, if not actually sinful." He blames this attitude, as does Mrs. FitzGibbon, on the effect of two wars within twenty-five years and the shortages and restrictions that they created. All this is over now, Lord Geddes pronounces. "More recently," he says, "we have seen a renaissance in British food itself, a determined attempt to recapture the splendors of the British kitchen." Lest anyone think they heard wrong, Geddes reassures everyone in earshot. "Make no mistake about it, *splendors* is the right word," he says. "All you have to do is look through Mrs. FitzGibbon's book to realize what pleasures await."

Looking through it myself the other day, I found such splendors of the traditional British kitchen as Yorkshire boiled turkey, *roasti bubbly-jock*, which is a Scottish version of roasted turkey, stuffed roasted hare with winter sauce, roast leg of lamb with prune and black currant sauce, *punchnep*, which is mashed potatoes and turnips (a Welsh idea), creamed egg and anchovy mousse, walnut ketchup, Boodle's orange fool, canary pudding, gooseberry tansy, treacle tart, and *bara brith*, a Welsh version of *Selkirk Bannock* (a Scottish loaf sometimes pocked with raisins and currants).

Before she gets right down to the recipes, Mrs. FitzGibbon discourses amiably on the history of British fare. Waffles, she notes, were a rage in England in the twelfth century, when they were called wafers. They faded from favor, but were reintroduced as *gauffres* when the Flemish weavers migrated to England during the 1300s and 1400s. Spiced meat came from America and curries from India. Lest anyone think the British discovered good cooking last year, Mrs. FitzGibbon notes that saffron, garlic, mace, cinnamon, and other spices and herbs were commonly used in Britain for hundreds of years before the arrival of the first bundle of tea.

The renaissance, I was assured shortly after arriving in London some weeks ago, has even spread to the city's parks. In former times, I was told by Mr. Peter ffrench-Hodges, a disciple of Lord Geddes, it had been possible to obtain in a public park little more than what he called "a nahsty cup of tea." Now there are handsome restaurants right in the middle of all London's greenery. To prove it, Mr. ffrench-Hodges and I went zooming off in a huge black car to have a look at the Serpentine, an unnatural lake dug in Hyde Park at the express request of a British queen during the eighteenth century. Sure enough, there at the end of the lake was a modern coffee shop with an open deck where in good weather the dawdlers can look off to the Serpentine's own beach, called the Lido, to the broad meadow with deep-slung canvas chairs waiting to be rented, and far at the end, to the giant London Hilton, the horizon's first skyscraper. A short bridge leads from the coffee shop to what the British are fond of calling "a proper restaurant," decorated with bright tangerine furnishings, a red-tiled wall, and masses of flowers. A glance at the menu disclosed a few splendors of the English kitchen, but it also revealed a remarkable American influence as well. The bar was offering a sweet martini cocktail ("just what is wanted most by a miss who is wanted most") and a Manhattan cocktail ("A Yank in the U.K."). There was that English ubiquity, fried fillet of plaice, and that American importation, baked Virginia ham with shoestring potatoes and American salad. Mr. ffrench-Hodges and I were equally confounded by the contents of an American salad, but the maître d'hotel obliged us by explaining that it is a concoction of rice, sweet corn, pimento, peas, salami, and anchovies with salad cream (sometimes called mayonnaise) to bind it. It is frequently served, we were told, with a fried chicken done, American style, in a pressure cooker.

—British Travel Association.

English pig's head in full dress—culinary renaissance?

We drove up to Regent's Park, which is larger than Hyde Park, and stopped at a sign that said "Queen Mary's Rose Garden." There, just off the road, and indeed just off the Queen Mary's Rose Garden, was another charming restaurant, this one with a spouting fountain, a lovely vista of the beeches and weeping willows, and only a distant view of the city itself.

The innkeeper here at Regent's Park was having very little to do with things like American salad, but one could order Wiltshire Gammon, a kind of ham served with either pineapple or egg. Or, to be sure, fried fillet of plaice. Leicester, Cheddar, Cheshire, and Stilton were in stock, and so was an assortment of import wines, along with Guinness, Bass, Schweppes minerals, and an ale known as John Courage.

The restaurant is actually thirty-nine covered hexagons, which admittedly is rather novel architecture for England, and the outdoor garden tables are warmed, when necessary (which is to say frequently), by infrared lamps. A walkway leads to an open-air theater where the customers sit in deck chairs and the actors, abetted by little else besides costuming and lights, perform A

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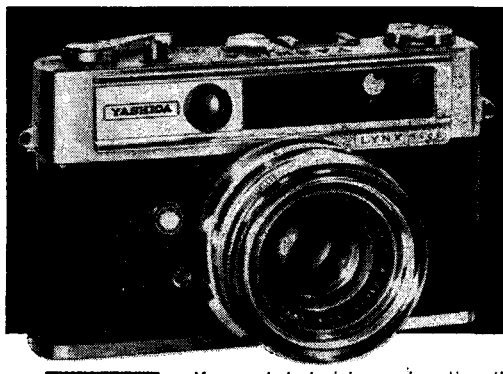

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Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merry Wives of Windsor, and other works in similar vein. It is a midsummer eve's practice to dine under the ashes and plane trees of Queen Mary's Rose Garden, see the show in the adjoining greensward, and have a Pimm's or perhaps a John Courage on the way home.

London's first floating restaurant, called the Barque and Bite (after heaven knows how many brain sessions), has opened on a canal near the zoo in Regent's Park. A long stepped walkway from the road has been covered with an awning, giving guests on their way to a bite aboard the barque the feeling that they are really on their way to a church wedding. The illusion is dispelled immediately one is aboard, for the arrivals are herded to the afterdeck, where they are proffered a sherry while they consult the menu. Thereafter one descends to the restaurant itself for a porthole view of a garden planted in the canal bank on one side and the canal itself on the other.

It is interesting to note that London's waterways and parks, once the private preserves of the common man, have lately been discovered by the classes. The spellbinders may have a new concrete apron at Hyde Park from which to declaim, but the swells have a new perch in the London Hilton, which overlooks Hyde Park, too. One can scarcely find a better vista of the greenery than from a table in its glassed-in restaurant roof. Up in Kensington Gardens, a huge tract that adjoins Hyde Park, a new hotel calling itself the Royal Garden, is all but complete. All of the rooms—there is space for 776 guests—have picture windows, most of which are filled with views of the gardens. Every room is fitted with a television set in the American fashion, there is a chop house featuring "charcoal grills," a coffee shop open around the clock, and a rooftop restaurant and bar without which no modern hotel seems to be complete. The Royal Garden is a project of Oddenino's, which once had a hotel on Regent Street where every lady guest was greeted with a red rose and where the clientele knew the hotel familiarly and warmly as Oddy's.

Besides a new Oddenino's, London also has a new version of Stone Chop House, which can trace its history, first as a coffee house and later as a chop house, from 1812 to the day in 1941 when it was blown up by a bomb. Because it was near the theaters, the original Stone was popular with authors and actors. No women were allowed and one historian, back in 1838, noted that it was the only place in the West End where a clay pipe could be smoked after lunch. By the time the century was ready to turn, the neighborhood had become overripe, too. A writer named

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George Augustus Sala, nursing a broken nose after a visit to Panton Street, once a neighborhood of masculine respectability, called Stone "a vicious cesspool where half the young members of the aristocracy might be seen night after night paying fifteen shillings a bottle for gooseberry or rhubarb champagne and the goriest of private battles could be waged without interference."

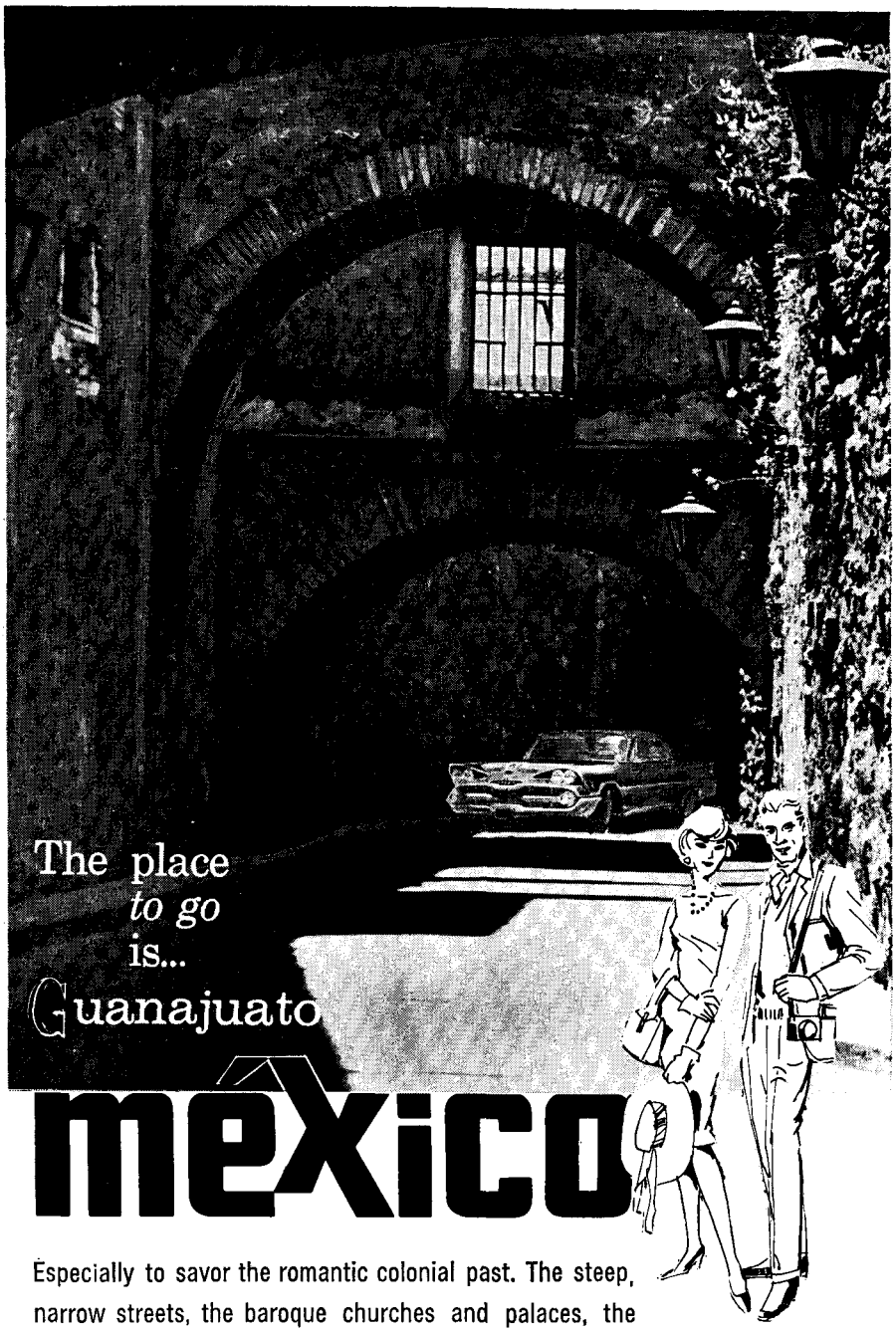
In 1921 new cushions were ordered for the benches and ladies were invited. The ladies liked it, but the old regulars retreated. By war's beginning it has become a favorite with rugger players and university students. Now a pillar of the Geddes renaissance, it will see few of the students and rugger players, more of the expense-account spenders. Rebuilt and refashioned, with black brick floors, black leather seats, and palms shooting out of wells set inside a circle of seats, it attracts well-tailored Englishmen in dark suits, waistcoats, and red carnations, who bring their business contacts to dine under the statues of Vestal Virgins cast from the originals that still repose at the Pitt-Rivers Estate, a country spread given to the Duke of Wellington.

THE menu is doubtless dear to the heart of Lord Geddes, featuring as it does gull's eggs, fillets of smoked eel, smoked trout, and potted shrimp. The silver cart rolls around carrying a saddle of mutton or a huge sirloin of beef, but the bill of fare always includes chump chop, steak and kidney pudding, and, to end a perfect British meal, a savory, such as soft roes on toast or Scotch woodcock.

One evening I arranged a rendezvous with Mr. Gene Sherman, the resident remittance man for the Los Angeles *Times*, and we soon found ourselves at Wheeler's in Old Compton Street. Mr. Sherman, a reformed Angeleno who now owns a bowler and has developed a penchant for spending weekends making brass rubbings of ancient English tablets, has also cultivated a keen appreciation of the British kitchen. Wheeler's is a lovely old place where the settees are covered with needlepoint and the waiters are covered with white aprons, and the Dover sole is offered twenty-eight different ways. Somewhat heady with hock, I was prepared to try two a day, a procedure that might have kept me in the neighborhood for another fortnight. I thought better of it in the morning, though it wasn't such a bad idea, and I flew off with Alitalia heading east. As the Caravelle rose over Dover and churned turned France, I couldn't help but feel that Escoffier had perhaps been born on the wrong side of the Channel.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the second of two articles on London, with particular attention to the state of the British kitchen.)



Especially to savor the romantic colonial past. The steep, narrow streets, the baroque churches and palaces, the wrought-iron lanterns and gates, the shadowed arches, combine to give Guanajuato exquisite Spanish colonial charm. Founded in 1548, soon after the Spaniards occupied Mexico City, its silver mines--still worked--were among the world's richest. Its thermal spas attract both the sportive and the relaxers. Industry and agriculture thrive, their products ranging from petroleum distillates to succulent strawberries. San Miguel Allende, one of the State's several picturesque towns, is a seat of art and culture favored by foreign visitors. There's so much for everyone in Mexico--so near, so modern and yet so foreign. Why not pay it a pre-Olympic visit ?

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST & SOUTH				
New York				
New York City	June 16-August 13	Guggenheim Memorial Concerts	Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park and Prospect Park, Brooklyn	Evenings at 8:30 Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday in Central Park; Thursday and Saturday in Prospect Park
	June 17-August 19	Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden"	Series of jazz concerts by various groups	Thursday evenings at 8:30
	June 21-August 7	Metropolitan Opera Summer Concerts at Lewisohn Stadium	OPERAS (concert version): *La Traviata, Madama Butterfly, Carmen, La Bohème, Lucia di Lammermoor, Tosca, Rigoletto;* CONCERTS: operetta, opera, pop, and jazz	Evenings at 8:30; opera performances Fridays, concerts Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays
	July 6-August 10	"Evenings by the River"	Series of free concerts at East River Park Amphitheater	Tuesday evenings at 8:30
	July 8-August 28	Forest Hills Music Festival	Concerts by Frank Sinatra; Judy Garland; Peter, Paul, and Mary; Trini Lopez; Stan Getz and Woody Allen; Barbra Streisand; Johnny Mathis	At 8:30 p.m. on various dates
	July 14-July 31	French-American Festival	Concerts by N.Y. Philharmonic at Philharmonic Hall, with Chamber Ensemble of Marlboro Music Festival, and soloists: Casadesus, Francescatti, Leonard Rose, Entremont, Tourel, Addison, Simoneau, Watts, and others	Evenings at 8:30 Fridays and Saturdays, as well as some additional days
	July 24-August 21	Municipal Concerts Orchestra	Series of free concerts in various city parks	Evenings at 8:30: Saturdays in Central Park, various other days in Seaside Park, Brooklyn, and Astoria Park, Queens
	August 2-August 30	Washington Square Concerts	Chamber music performances in Washington Square Park	Monday evenings at 9
	August 10-August 28	N.Y. Philharmonic in City Parks	Series of free concerts in parks throughout the city	At 8:30 p.m. Tuesdays in Central Park, Wednesdays in Prospect Park, Brooklyn
Pawling	June 19-August 7	Music at the Barn, Quaker Hill		
Mountainville	June 20-August 22	Storm King Art Center Concerts		
Southampton	June 29-August 31	Southampton College Music Festival		
Chautauqua	July 2-August 29	Annual Summer Festival: Opera, Symphony Concerts, Chamber Music, Special Events	OPERA: *Samson and Delilah, La Bohème, Andrea Chénier, Così, Night in Venice;* also *Oklahoma.* Chautauqua Symphony Orch. and Chautauqua String Quartet SPECIAL EVENTS: Barbershop Harmony (July 3), Marian Anderson (July 8), Guy Lombardo (July 26), National Band of New Zealand (Aug. 16), Van Cliburn (Aug. 28)	Opera: Friday eves. Symphony: Tues., Wed., Sat. eves. Chamber music: Mon. eves.
Woodstock	July 4-September 5	Chamber Music Concerts at Maverick Hall		At 8:30 p.m. Saturdays, 3 p.m. Sundays
	July 9-August 31	Turnau Opera at Byrdcliffe Theater		
Glens Falls	July 15-September 5	Lake George Opera Festival	*Così, Pagliacci, Telephone, La Bohème, Rigoletto, Taming of the Shrew*	At 8:30 p.m. various days except Sundays
Schroon Lake	July 18-August 21	Adirondack Music Festival	Concerts by N.Y. Woodwind Quartet and Guarneri Quartet; soloists	Weekend evenings

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Brookville	July 30-August 28	Long Island Festival at C. W. Post College	OPERA: Metropolitan Opera casts perform *La Bohème, Barber of Seville*; BALLET: Metropolitan Opera Ballet; CONCERTS: N.Y. Philharmonic, Philharmonia of London, Van Cliburn, Montoya	Evenings at 8:30
Saratoga Springs	August 2-August 15	Festival of Baroque Music	Performances at Skidmore College	
Lake Placid	August 10-August 31	Lake Placid Music Festival	Chamber music, recitals; Amparo Iturbi and others	At 9 p.m. Tuesdays
New Jersey				
Asbury Park	July 11-July 25	Monmouth Opera Festival	Performances of *La Traviata, Lucia,* and *Carmen*	Evenings July 11, 18, 25
Ventnor	August 3-August 31	Ventnor Music Festival		Tuesday evenings
Connecticut				
Norfolk	July 2-August 20	Summer Concerts at Music Shed	Orchestral and chamber music	Friday evenings
New Canaan	July 11-August 29	Silvermine Guild Chamber Music Festival	Chamber music at Gifford Hall	At 8 p.m. Sundays
Hartford	July 7-July 28	Hartford Festival of Music	Performances at Trinity College	At 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays
New Haven	July 10-August 14	Starlight Festival	Concerts at Yale Law School	At 8:30 p.m. Tuesdays
Falls Village	July 3-September 4	Chamber Music at Music Mountain	Concerts by the Berkshire Quartet and soloists	At 3 p.m. Saturdays
Massachusetts				
Lenox	July 2-August 22	Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood	OPERA: Acts I, II, and III of *Lohengrin* on succeeding nights, with Kónya, Amara, Gorr, Hines, Dooley. CONCERTS: Boston Symphony. Special 25th Anniversary Concert honoring Koussevitzky. SOLOISTS: Serkin, Cliburn, Stern, Istomin, Rose, and others	At 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, at 2:30 p.m. Sundays
Falmouth and Highfield	July 6-August 28	Oberlin College Players	Performances of operattas by Gilbert & Sullivan, Offenbach, Lehár	
Nantucket	July 6-August 31	Nantucket Musical Art Society	Chamber Music	
Pittsfield	July 21-October 16	South Mountain Chamber Music Festival		
New Marlborough	July 24-September 4	Chamber Music at Red Fox Music Barn		At 8:15 p.m. Saturdays
Cummington	September 5-September 6	Three Concerts of Baroque Music		
Rhode Island				
Newport	July 22-July 25	Folk Festival	Joan Baez; Pete Seeger; Theodore Bikel; Odetta; Bob Dylan; Josh White; Peter, Paul, and Mary; Jean Ritchie; Margaret Barry, many more	
Vermont				
Burlington	July 8-July 26	Lane Summer Series	Classes and concerts at the University of Vermont	
Marlborough	June 21-August 16	Marlborough Music Festival	Informal concerts and master classes at Marlborough School of Music, with Pablo Casals conducting the Festival Orchestra	
Manchester	July 11-August 29	Southern Vermont Art Center	Opera, ballet, chamber music, recitals (Arrau)	
Bennington	August 15-August 29	Composers Conference	Chamber music concerts	

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
New Hampshire				
Hanover	June 30-August 25	Hopkins Center Concerts	Concerts and lectures at Dartmouth College under Krenek, Kodály, Finney	Wednesdays and Sundays
Meredith and Wolfeboro	July 8-August 19	New Hampshire Music Festival		
Maine				
Waterville	June 24-July 25	Concerts by the Hungarian Quartet at Colby College		
Hancock	August 5-August 25	Pierre Monteux Memorial Festival	Orchestral Concerts	
Brunswick	August 18-21	Aeolian Chamber Players at Bowdoin College		
Pennsylvania				
Philadelphia	June 21-July 29	Robin Hood Dell Concerts	Orchestral concerts & chamber music. Soloists: Peerce, Stern, Rose, Istomin, Francescatti, Cliburn	Monday, Tuesday, Thursday evenings
Maryland				
Baltimore	June 18-August 13	Concerts under the stars		
	June 22-July 27	Claremont Quartet at Peabody Institute		
Bel Air	July & Aug.	Operas by Harford Theater Association		
North Carolina				
Brevard	August 18-August 29	Summer Music Festival		
Virginia				
Woodstock & Orkney Springs	August 14-August 22	Shenandoah Valley Music Festival		
MIDWEST				
Illinois				
Chicago	June 15-August 7	Ravinia Festival	Concerts featuring Chicago Symphony Orch. and soloists. Stern, Istomin, Rose, Schwarzkopf. Cliburn, Firkusny, Starker	8:30 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 4 p.m. on Sundays
Indiana				
Bloomington	July 28-August 7	Opera at Memorial Stadium	*Carmen*	Performances July 28, 31, Aug. 1, 4, 6, 7
Michigan				
Interlochen	June 27-August 23	National Music Camp	Opera, concerts, ballet	
Rochester	July 8-August 14	Meadow Brook Festival	Performances featuring Detroit Symphony Orchestra	
Missouri				
St. Louis	June 7-September 5	Municipal Opera	*High Button Shoes, Little Me, Student Prince, Camelot, Flower Drum Song*	Daily at 8:15 p.m.
Ohio				
Cincinnati	June 23-July 25	Summer Opera Festival	*La Forza del destino, La Bohème, Tosca, Carmen, Manon, Trovatore, Barber, Aïda, Tales of Hoffmann, Rigoletto,* featuring Kirsten, Dalis, Madeira, Morell, Guarrera, Moscona, others	At Zoological Gardens
Cleveland	July 9-August 14	Pop Concerts	Cleveland Summer Orchestra	

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Wisconsin				
Milwaukee	June 21-July 30	Arts Festival	Varied Programs at University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee	
Fish Creek	August 8-August 23	Peninsula Music Festival	Concerts featuring Helen Boatwright, Gyorgy Sandor, others	
SOUTHWEST				
New Mexico				
Santa Fe	June 30-August 28	Santa Fe Opera	*La Traviata, Arabella, Barber, Madama Butterfly, The Nose* (Shostakovich), *King Stag* (Henze), *Marriage of Figaro, Lucia di Lammermoor*	
Texas				
Houston	May 28-August 15	Houston Summer Symphony at Hermann Park		
FAR WEST				
California				
Saratoga	June 19-August 29	Chamber music at Paul Masson Vineyard	Opera, ballet, drama	
Stanford	June 22-August 14	University Festival of the Arts "The Mozart Era"	Chamber music: Amadeus Quartet, Opera: Opera da Camera di Milano: *La serva padrona, Così, L'isola dei pazzi* (Duni); New York City Opera Co. *Marriage of Figaro, Abduction from the Seraglio, Don Giovanni* (in English)	At 8:30 p.m. on most days of the week, also at 2:30 p.m. Saturdays in August
La Jolla	June 27-August 27	Musical Arts Society Concerts		
Redlands	June 29-August 27	Redlands Bowl Music Festival		
Santa Barbara	July 5-August 28	Music Academy of the West	Opera, concerts, master classes	
Los Angeles	July 6-September 4	Hollywood Bowl Concerts		
Carmel	July 16-July 25	Carmel Bach Festival		
Aptos	August 20-29	Cabrillo Music Festival	Haydn's *Orfeo ed Euridice;* concerts, recitals	
Monterey	September 17-September 19	Monterey Jazz Festival on County Fairgrounds		
Colorado				
Central City	June 26-July 31	Opera Festival	*Manon, Barber of Seville, Lakme*	
Aspen	June 28-August 29	Aspen Music Festival	Opera: *Ariadne auf Naxos, Mavra* and *L'Histoire du Soldat;* Oratorio: *A Child of Our Time* (Tippett); Concerts. Amadeus Quartet; master classes; Conference on Contemporary Music	Symphony Concerts at 4 p.m. Wed., Sat., and Sun.: chamber music Fri. eves.
CANADA				
Vancouver	July 2-July 25	Vancouver Festival	Royal Ballet; Vancouver Symphony	
Stratford	June 14-October 2	Musical events at Stratford	Stratford Festival Opera Co.; *Marriage of Figaro, Mahagonny;* chamber music	

—Hedy D. Jellinek.

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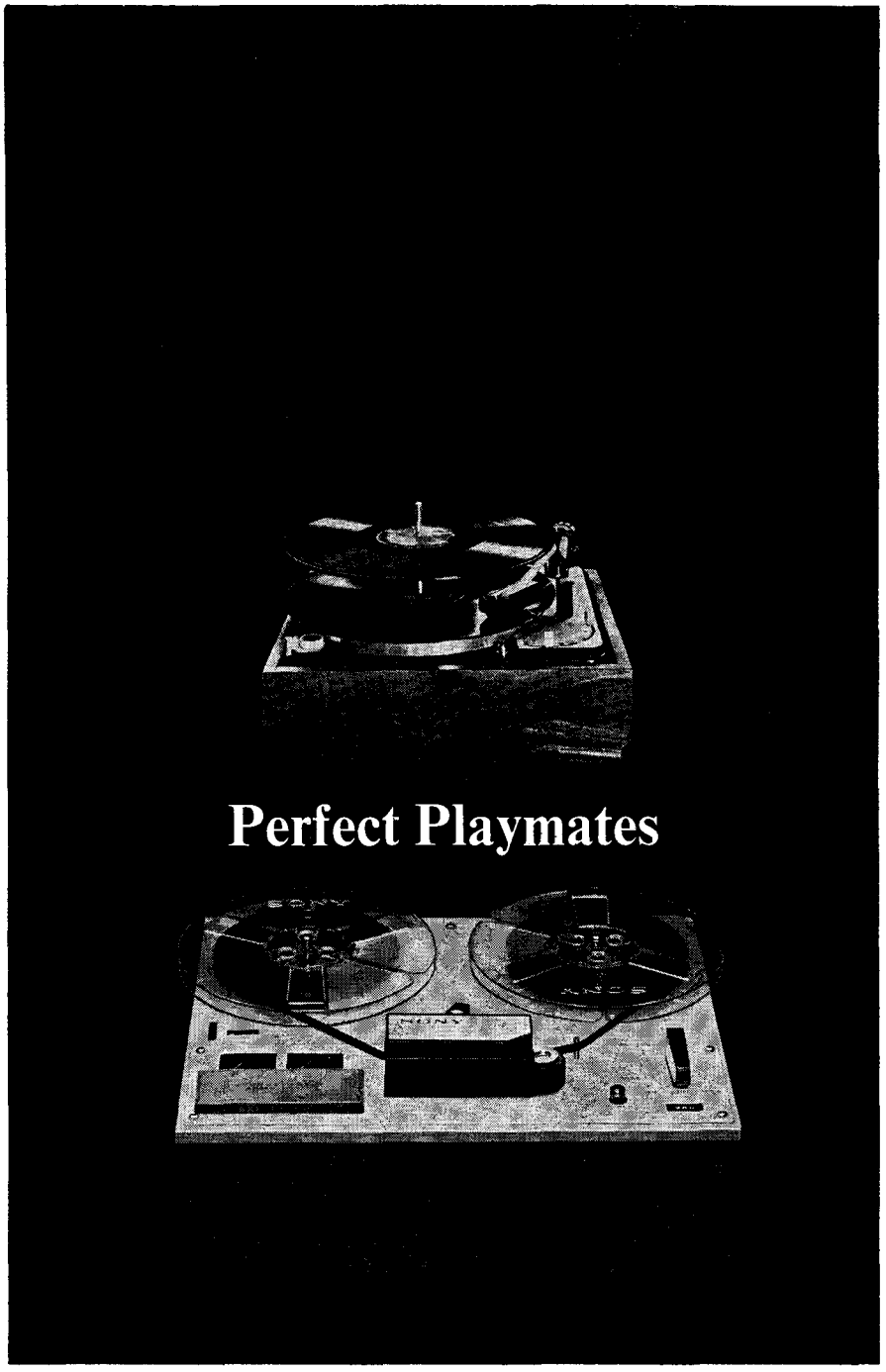

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The Dock of the Morning

By Doris Holmes

MY little girl Margaret
One summer you were
over your fear of boats
But not the shifting water
Underneath the slatted dock,
Sectioned, and shaking
with our tread.

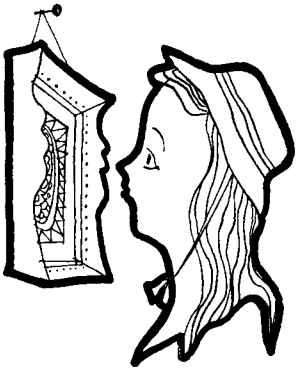
I took your hand, loved,
urged and scolded
But your fear was
far from any gobbet
Of Dr. Spock or
my sophisticated leading.

We let the others go
Over the sunny water
In the mighty Chris Craft;
A Boston judge was skipper.
Your adored
Adoring father and
scoffing brother
Waved briefly as we
stood our barren ground.

We comforted ourselves,
Built castles; bathed with
a crowd of strangers.
Waited the afternoon out.

It is afternoon or nearly.
Your letters tell me you
have swum twelve laps.
You're out of the crib.
You now may go to the raft.

Your feet have lost the fear
That washed your
tiny sneakers once.
The raft's to play with,
not to need.
Slats of docks, engines,
hands of mothers
Are gills of the morning
Now you breathe, swim,
and are Margaret.



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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the contents.
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Breaking Up the Big Systems

EDUCATION DOES NOT readily lend itself to mass production. As a school system expands, the multiplying echelons of administrative authority increasingly separate the policy makers from the classrooms. The many administrative directives made necessary by organizational complexity make it ever more difficult to adapt instruction to individual children, who, unlike the products of industry, are not interchangeable units.

The teacher caught up in a vast system is prone to lose his sense of professional status and to accept the role of an employee. While he may eventually resign himself to the fact that he must teach a rigidly prescribed curriculum, punch a time clock (as New York City teachers do), and take orders from above, he responds by becoming hostile toward the administration. One symptom of this change of role may be seen in the fact that while the great majority of teachers in smaller cities join the National Education Association, which accepts both teachers and administrators as co-workers in the same profession, those in New York, Chicago, and Detroit give their allegiance to teachers' unions that look upon administrators as managers against whom they must organize to protect themselves against exploitation.

The metropolitan parent who is dissatisfied with the education his children are getting feels even more helpless. He may talk with the teacher or a counselor but he quickly learns that they do not make policy and have no direct access to those who do. In a city such as New York, with a million pupils in 860 schools, he cannot hope to reach the superintendent or the board of education. As a result, many of the New York parents who can afford to do so, and some who cannot, send their children to independent schools where the instruction may be no better but where communication with those in charge is possible.

A large university system faces different but equally serious difficulties. One of the problems at the University of California last year was a failure of communication resulting from the complexity of administrative structure that has come with growth. To a student or junior instructor in an institution with 80,000 students on nine campuses, the president seems as remote and inaccessable as does the admiral of a fleet to the seamen on one of his ships, while the board of regents is a faceless "they" which wields great power but whose motives are unknown and hence suspect. And what was called "administrative bungling" at the time of the student revolt at Berkeley was not a series of mistakes made by an individual but was rather a series of conflicting decisions made at various levels of administrative authority. A university, unlike a military or industrial organization, cannot escape such inconsistency by issuing firm orders from above without establishing a rigidity inconsistent with the purposes as well as the traditions of higher education.

Within recent weeks both these massive but very different educational systems have announced long overdue plans to decentralize authority.

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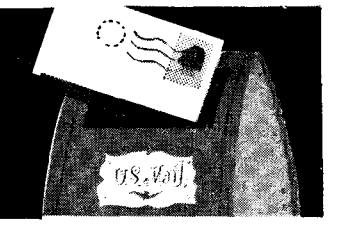
Under a plan approved by the Board of Education on June 30, New York City's massive public school system will be subdivided into thirty-one locally administered districts of about 35,000 pupils and thirty schools each. Teachers and most administrators will be assigned to one of these districts, each of which will be headed by a district superintendent who will have complete responsibility for all the public schools in his district. Parents will be able to deal directly with a nearby school official whose powers are similar to those of a superintendent in a smaller city. Not surprisingly, the strongest opposition to the new plan has come from those assistant superintendents who, in the past, have been responsible for a single level of education—elementary, junior high, or senior high, and who will have less autonomy under the new plan.

THE decentralization plan for the University of California, which was announced last month by President Kerr and accepted in principle by the Board of Regents on June 19, provides that much of the power that previously has resided with the regents and the President will be transferred to the nine chancellors, each of whom is responsible for a single campus. The chancellors, in turn, will delegate more responsibility to the various schools, divisions, and departments on their campuses. Appointments and promotions to the higher academic ranks, which in the past have required the approval of the regents, will now be made by the chancellors on the recommendation of their faculties. Each campus will also have far greater independence in budget administration, construction program, and solicitation and approval of grants and contracts. The central administration—Kerr's office—will divorce itself from campus operations and will concentrate on major policy, relations with the federal and state governments, and the evaluation of the performance of the chancellors.

Though decentralization clearly is necessary, it would be optimistic to expect that it will solve all the problems, either in California's university or in New York City's schools. It will not prove effective if either the chancellors or the district superintendents retain a large measure of authority for themselves and fail to delegate it to teachers. Because formal education takes place in classrooms, laboratories, and conference rooms, rather than in administrative offices, it reaches its highest level of excellence only when teachers are given the individual responsibility and authority consistent with their professional status—and when teachers from the kindergarten level to the university graduate school are fully qualified to accept such responsibility. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor



A Farewell

THE NEWS of David Boroff's sudden death in May shocked his many friends and admirers.

Many of us who had the privilege of knowing David will miss his vibrant, dynamic, vital spirit. Those who knew him only through his writing will miss the work of a fine mind—critical, thoughtful, imaginative, incisive, and penetrating.

His insights into what makes higher education tick in his book *Campus: USA*, his many articles and reviews in *Saturday Review*—all of his perceptive and sensitive probing of the currents of modern literature, made a tremendous contribution.

He will be missed by his numerous friends and admirers, in the pages of the *Saturday Review* and the *New York Times*, and in all the other places where he illuminated and stirred the finer elements of the spirit of our modern age.

ABRAHAM TAUBER,
Dean of Faculty,
Bronx Community College.
The Bronx, N.Y.

Too Elite?

IF THE PURPOSE of the National Academy of Education is truly, as Paul Woodring stated in his editorial of June 19, "to promote scholarly inquiry and discussion concerning the ends and means of education," then the charter members of the academy are well selected. For myself, scholarly inquiry and discussion are not enough. The ferment in elementary, secondary, and higher education today has been initiated by doers, not inquirers.

It seems to me that the balance of categories of memberships in the academy is askew. Surely if there are to be thirty members in the categories of Foundations and Psychology of Education, there ought to be at least that many in Educational Practice, perhaps divided into Humanities, Social, and Natural Sciences. Let's not put ourselves in the position of recognizing the critics and ignoring the reformers.

GLAYDYS S. KLEINMAN,
Assistant Professor of Education,
Rutgers, the State University.
New Brunswick, N.J.

YOUR REPORT on the National Academy of Education suggests to me that it is misnamed. The title claims too much. The list of charter members is certainly distinguished, but it does not represent all aspects of education. Are there no distinguished school superintendents, principals, teachers, college presidents, or deans worthy of membership?

The National Academy of Education should follow the example of the newly established National Academy of Engineering by including *both* practitioners and professors.

L. BRYCE ANDERSEN,
Professor of Chemical Engineering,
Associate Dean of Engineering,
Newark College of Engineering.
Newark, N.J.

IT WAS INTERESTING to read that a National Academy of Education "promises to become education's most exclusive club." Its formation signals both the increasing awareness of education and the total exclusion of the person most directly involved in this process.

As a teacher, I find it difficult not to feel a sense of alienation from "Education" when there is little or no possibility that teachers could be represented in a national body whose professed *raison d'être* is education. Mr. Woodring states that this group may be of great significance because "many younger educators have felt that the only route to eminence lay in the acceptance of administrative positions." Now educators can achieve eminence as "psychologists, historians, philosophers, or sociologists" *and* "scholars in fields that provide the foundations for education." But not as teachers.

It is depressing and insulting to find that teaching cannot be respected so that teachers can be "eminent." The child shaped in our culture recognizes the position of teachers (and, unfortunately, often the reality) and has difficulty respecting them.

Now, even "Education" forsakes the teacher. For the sake of the psyche of our teachers, or at least this one, do not destroy our false idols of primitive thought. Call the proposed group the Academy of Educational Scholars but do not as completely remove the teacher from his position in theory—as he already is in fact. Fortified with the surety of myth, teachers can continue to be dedicated, faithful, retiring, and ignored.

JOHN D. GLASHEEN.
Williamstown, Mass.

ARE WE TO CONCLUDE that there are *no* women worthy of membership in the National Academy of Education?

ELISABETH H. DIETZ,
Associate Professor,
Brooklyn College.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

MAY I POINT out that in the National Academy of Education there is no category Fiscal Study of Colleges and Universities? Surely such men as Dr. Lloyd Morey, J. Harvey Cain, Howard Withey, Ralph Johns, Dr. Clarence Sheps, and George van Dyke would qualify.

HARVEY SHERER,
Consultant,
Higher Education Business Affairs.
Lexington, Ky.

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The Boy vs. the School

PROFESSOR Patricia Cayo Sexton's contribution to "Personal Opinion" [*SR*, June 19] gets closer to the heart of boys' dissatisfaction than any view I've read in years.

Whenever I hear of another male dropout who is unable to pass English or Cit Ed but can build his own radio receiver, I groan at the prejudice against boys within the system (and I thank God I made it to manhood). Isn't the purpose of education, after all, to make the young articulate about the common culture—their feverish and brittle culture as well as our own cold and monumental one?

IRVING J. WEISS,
Division of Literature and Philosophy,
State University College.
New Paltz, N.Y.

IN AN EFFORT to combat what Patricia Sexton rightfully exposes as the emasculating effect of English courses, we at Clayton have injected the ninth-grade curriculum—often to the girls' misgivings—with large doses of "masculine" literature, including selected Crane, Michener, Nordhoff and Hall, Steinbeck, and war poetry.

May the girls continue to be "squeamish" as the boys brave their English class, a place where they should indeed be able to assert in some measure their masculinity.

ALAN KRAUS,
Teacher of English.
Clayton, Mo.

BY THE TIME this reaches you, I hope each administrator and member of our local school board may have a copy of Patricia Sexton's provocative statement on schools and boys. Needless to say, I also hope they may find time to give her point of view some long and sober consideration.

MRS. DAVID CALHOUN.
Woodbury, Conn.

I AGREE with Professor Sexton that our boys are being emasculated, but I disagree strongly with her statement that our schools are the prime offenders. On the contrary, many of our schools and dedicated teachers serve as antidotes to the emasculating conditions of our society.

It is because our boys have so few commitments to others, so little sense of responsibility for the shaping of our society, so little need to make sacrifices, so few experiences, except in schools, with real intellectual stimulation, that they appear emasculated. What they need is the opportunity to assume responsibility, to make decisions, for better or for worse, to participate in the community with adults, and to learn from great books what man was, is, and can be—to learn to be men.

ELIZABETH FREILICHER.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Administrators—*Oui ou Non?*

NO WIDE STRETCH of the imagination is required to agree with Myron Leiberman in his article "Who Speaks for Teachers?" [*SR*, June 19] that administrators and teachers have conflicting as well as common interests. When a Teachers' Representative Committee asks for the power to force the suspension of a pupil upon the request of five members of a staff, there is a conflict of interest. When the same committee asks for the power to force the transfer of a principal upon the request of half the members of a staff, there is certainly a conflict of interest.

Here in Detroit, we are in the process of thinking through the logic of our position. A new federation of administrators and supervisors (DFAS), organized largely by long-time members of the AFT, does not wish it or the rival organization (NEA) to speak for us. In negotiations concerning salary, working conditions, and policy making we wish to speak for ourselves.

SOL DISNER, Principal,
Pitcher School.
Detroit, Mich.

THE ARTICLE "Who Speaks for Teachers?" is typical of the fuzzy thinking that takes place among people who have neither the extended experience that can season and enlighten a classroom teacher nor the insight that comes from being extensively and vitally involved in an administrative role. The author does a very nice job of setting up "straw men" so that he will have something to knock down. Making boogeymen of administrators is a case in point.

By scapegoating administrators, the author, in keeping with the AFT position, actually shows the kind of dislike for authority and love of power that will create conflict in our schools and chaos in society. Ruling administration out of the teachers' professional associations because some teachers are dissatisfied would be analagous to taking fatherhood out of the family because some children are rebellious.

The enemy of the schoolteacher is not the school administrator but public ignorance and apathy. The NEA position implies that teachers and administrators must work together to overcome ignorance rather than dissipate their energy in factional strife.

W. CHRIS HEISLER,
Assistant Professor of Education,
University of Rhode Island.
Kingston, R.I.

License or Opinion?

Saturday Review is to be commended for making a page available each month for free discussion of views affecting education. Distinction must be made, however, between freedom and license. The page is launched by David Selden's article pleading for illegality, entitled "Needed: More Teacher Strikes" [*SR*, May 15].

It would be appropriate (although of dubious validity) for Mr. Selden to urge repeal of current laws that make strikes by public employees illegal. It is something else again for him to say "Needed: More Teacher Strikes." By the same logic it could be argued that since many teachers require more money they should be urged to rob.

JOANNE M. ROBERTS.
Boston, Mass.

On Teach-ins

THE LOBBY OF THE INTELLECTUAL has now taken its place beside the farm, labor, business, and military blocs that constantly squeeze policy out of the U.S. Government. If this continues we will have what Erwin Knoll suggested in his article "Revolt of the Professors" [*SR*, June 19]: "an important new force in American political life."

If this "lobby" can ever attain its full potential, we may even become the first nation to move history through intelligence rather than force.

TOBY FULWILER,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

"And now to describe to you in terms of the harshest reality what you'll be up against."

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SHOULD THE ARTIST COME TO THE CAMPUS?

By JAMES A. PERKINS, *President, Cornell University.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was prophetic when he said we must learn the arts of war and independence so that our children can learn engineering and architecture so that their grandchildren may learn fine arts and painting. The arts involve more than a leisure-time activity. We are interested in the arts because we have come to realize that they not only enrich but illuminate our lives. Without them we are doomed to the monotonous rationality of a computer. With them, we can hope that creative imagination will continue to suggest new insights and new ventures for mankind. If John Gardner is correct in suggesting that continuous renewal is the price of survival, then the arts must surely be part of our strategy for survival.

Although the university has come to recognize art history and art criticism as both legitimate and necessary parts of the curriculum, the production of art and the performance of artistic work is not a fully accepted part of liberal education. It can be said that art as part of liberal education is still essentially a spectator sport. Yet only a practicing professional artist can bring real understanding of art into the liberal curriculum. Only he can feed the aspirations of the amateur for professional standards. Only he can deal with the student who contemplates a professional career. And only he can infuse a campus with a desire for beauty, whether in its buildings, its art collections, or its music and theatrical programs. He is the cutting edge for future growth in any university's commitment to the arts. Out of this need he has arrived on the campus to take his marriage vows with the scholar, and it is this marriage that is the heart of the matter. It is the success of this marriage that will determine the future vitality of the arts in the university.

This article is adapted from an address by President Perkins at the Cornell Centennial Program at Lincoln Center, New York City, earlier this year.

The arts were widely introduced into the university around the turn of the century as an accepted part of liberal education. That emphasis was on the historical rather than the creative aspect. Students were brought into the presence of the arts by methods and techniques long accepted by the scholarly tradition. But once the arts had come into the curriculum as a proper subject for study, neither teachers nor students were long content with this platonic relationship. As often happens when a glamorous visitor comes to call, another kind of interest emerged—an interest in the subject itself, in art as art.

IT would be hard to exaggerate the importance of this development. It opened the door wide to the professional artist—at least it created the need for a teacher who had real training in his discipline. Now this development—the acceptance of the professional artist on campus—led logically to the next: the arrival of the student who wished to work with the professional artist as part of his regular course of studies, as full preparation for a professional career. At the same time similar forces were at work in the extracurricular world. While the mandolin club of the Twenties was giving way to the orchestra, the senior theatrical farce was being replaced by the presentation of Greek tragedies, and the glee club was blossoming into the full-fledged chorus. The demands of extracurricular work in the arts supplemented the curricular demand for the professional artist as instructor, and together they provided the strongest possible internal motive for attracting the artist to the campus. Meanwhile, the artist was, if I may say so, not being over-employed or over-appreciated in the world outside the university.

So the fact of the matter is that both parties to this marriage of artist and scholar badly needed each other. This is, therefore, no springtime romance, but a relation based upon the more durable foundations of mutual dependence. Some artists, to be sure, may have been seduced by simple security and some universities motivated merely by consideration of prestige. But it is imperative that we realize that deeper and more permanent factors were present on both sides of this marriage, promising an interest that will increase with time. The artist is probably a permanent feature of the university landscape.

If this is so, then we should recognize that the marriage does have problems. The parties do not always speak the same language. They frequently do not keep the same hours. The artist frequently feels that his new mate would rather play scholarly poker with his scholarly friends than work at the business of helping the artist become a part of his new community.

And the adjustment is all the more difficult because some in the university and artistic worlds are by no means convinced that this alliance may not be disastrous for both parties. Some observers believe that as universities are now organized, the creative artist, both student and teacher, should stick to his garret if he would survive. At the same time, others are viewing this invasion of the scholarly citadel as a kind of Trojan horse of anti-intellectualism. Is it any wonder that the appropriate integration of the artist into the university community will take some doing? But, I repeat, he is there to stay, so we had better get to the task of understanding the adjustments that will be required.

LET us speak first of the artist and then of the scholar. First off, the university is not the place for all artists—maybe not even for a majority of them. It will surely be easier on those with verbal skills, with reasonably catholic tastes, and for those who find it possible to concentrate in the midst of many potential distractions. It will also be more attractive to those whose concentration on their own artistic output does not preclude an interest in the work of others.

If our university artist has these characteristics, the adjustment will surely be easier. But even so, problems will remain. He must learn to live with the

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amateur—the interested amateur, but the amateur. And this means learning to live with those who are not absorbed to the same degree with the artist's own professional enthusiasm for his own field. The artist frequently must be content with giving the interested amateur a glimpse, however brief, of the standards of performance of the full artist. He will have to curb an instinct for dismissing the amateur as part of an offensive mass culture. Let him bear in mind that general taste cannot improve unless the interested amateurs are shown a better world.

A more formidable difficulty is the heavy reliance of the scholarly world on the written word and the verbal tradition. Indeed, most universities have equated knowledge with the written word, saying in effect that human experience is recorded in books, professors write them, and students read them. The verbal tradition is powerful and pervasive and the artist who works in the nonverbal media of sound, color, shape, movement or voice inflection, will find that the university receiving sets are not always tuned to his wave length.

And there is the very delicate but tricky matter of the different styles of the artistic and scholarly approach to reality. The scholar, particularly the scholar-scientist is pre-occupied with the universal not the particular, the general rule not the specific instance. In this mode he tries to erase the bias of his own individuality. Value judgments must be avoided at all costs as contributing to distortions of the truth.

The artist does not try to remove his own personality from the creative process. On the contrary, he feels that it is his particular mission to reorder the data of his media to express an image of his own design. This image once projected onto canvas, or into clay, or a music score or the stage of a theater, has an objective reality for the artist as solid as the newest particle for the nuclear physicist, maybe even more solid. But the process involves the explicit stamp of his own personality on his work, be he Giotto, Nijinsky, or Pablo Picasso.

In short, the artist tries to express a universal truth through the particular while the scholar will use the particular as only a means of illustrating the universal. This difference in style complicates communication between artist and scholar, makes it difficult to apply similar standards of judgments to their work. Without familiar standards of evaluation, the scholar cannot measure artistic performance and frequently concludes that a performance that cannot be evaluated does not belong in a university. The artist on the other hand is puzzled by the seeming depersonalization of the scholarly enterprise.

He notes, however, with a faint sigh of

—*Barbara Ottens Baenziger (University of Wisconsin).*

Painter Aaron Bohrod, artist-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin, meets with students in his studio.

—*Cornell University.*

Karel Husa, composer, conductor, and professor of music at Cornell University, instructs a graduate student in music composition.

—*Larry McDonald (Dartmouth News Service).*

Theatrical director Takeo Matsuura, artist-in-residence at Dartmouth College, demonstrates a point.

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—*Cornell University.*

Archie R. Ammons, poet on the English faculty at Cornell, conducts a class in verse.

relief, that many scholars have indeed left their own personal imprint. Aristotle and Descartes, Pasteur and Einstein, Herodotus and Winston Churchill have all left their individual styles as bookmarks in their works. The difference is that such a discovery, frequently pleasing to the artist, makes the scholar uneasy.

The artist must adjust to these differences. To him harsh judgments are more than reflections on the success of his work; they bite into and reflect on the artist himself as an individual. He will have to develop a tougher skin. But through all this he must retain his own individuality, his own integrity. He must encourage amateurs but not become one. He will have to acquire an understanding of verbal systems of communication without losing his feeling for the senses. And he will have to cling to his determination to show what is in him even if it means exposing his soul. And it is possible that he may even become a greater artist in the process.

Turning to the other partner of the marriage, there are warnings and adjustments that must be reported here, too. There are universities and universities. The large private universities on the Eastern seaboard were among the first to introduce the arts as liberal studies. But it has been the state and land-grant institutions with diverse professional schools that have, with notable exceptions, pioneered with programs by and for the professional artist. Their tradition of response to social interest has been strong. And their professional schools have accustomed them to practice as well as theory. A university environment with these two traditions in its blood stream will surely have an easier time absorbing the professional artist with his distinctive standards and techniques.

To these universities the concentrated preoccupation of the creative and performing artist will not seem so strange. They are already accustomed to programs that bridge the gaps between the university and the world at large. All professional programs try to combine thought and action. All are driven by the necessity for concentration rather than diffusion, by the desire for specialized rather than generalized education, and by a sense of preparing for a specific role in society rather than merely an understanding of society. In one sense, they are all preparing for specific careers and in this milieu the artist will feel, at least relatively, at home. Perhaps all these professionals agree with a persistent parable that may have had its origins in Xenophon that reads: he who knows the theory but not the practice does not know the whole theory.

BUT if I have given the impression that I believe the public university with strong and influential professional schools is already adjusted and ready to receive the artist, let me correct that impression at once. I only meant to suggest that they are relatively more ready. Serious problems remain even for them.

The scholar in even these universities must make an effort to understand the artist's different mode of thought and style of expression—just as I have suggested that the artist must try to understand the scholar. The scholar will have to learn to recognize the existence of different systems of communication. He will even have to realize that they are not inferior, only different. He will have to recognize the extent to which the artist has exposed his own psyche in his work and treat such work with the restraint of the surgeon who holds the beating human heart in his hand. He must recognize the need of the creative artist for isolation, for stretches of time for concentrated work, and for continuous association with fellow artists in his own field.

But the scholar may also wish at the same time to reflect seriously on his own assumptions. He may wish to re-examine his instinctive reflex to the notion of value judgments. He may find that he has underemphasized the importance of the individual in the very substance of the scholarly enterprise.

But over and beyond these adjustments required of the artist and scholar, a big decision must be made if, in the words of UCLA Chancellor Franklin Murphy, we are to "bring the creative arts into the university as a fully professional discipline, with the same prestige, the same opportunities, and the same vigor that we brought to medicine and the other appropriate professions."

And this decision has not really been made. It has not been made because the scholar and artist still understand each other imperfectly. It has not been made because we have not really faced up to the costs of the special facilities that will be required. It has not been made because the universities have not yet seen the nature of the organizational arrangements that will be required. Or when they have seen them, they have not been bold enough to propose them and urge their adoption.

When the decision is made, the university will get seriously to work on the administrative consequences. One line of organizational solution would be the establishment of a separate college of the creative arts. This solution would be based on the belief that the particular requirements of artistic creativity in all fields are so similar as to require a separate but coherent organization. However, if the interaction between the creative, historical, and analytic features of a particular media seem to be of overriding importance, then a close integration with existing colleges of arts and fine arts would be in order.

A separate college would have, of course, close working relations with established departments. Its admissions standards and testing techniques would be developed to identify artistic and creative talent as well as intelligence. Perhaps, in time, it will not seem so strange to have college board scores on artistic as well as verbal and mathematical aptitudes. As a matter of fact, such tests are already in the process of development.

Students in such a college would, of course, take their fundamental work in the liberal arts in established colleges. But they would be permitted to follow rather hand-tailored programs that recognized their special requirements for uninterrupted time for work and practice.

With either decision, special facilities would have to be provided along with special admissions arrangements. Practice rooms, demonstration rooms, and work rooms geared to the artistic requirement and artistic climate are an

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Science News in the Classroom

By AINSLIE H. DRUMMOND, Jr., *Senior Editor, "Science and Math Weekly," Middletown, Conn.*

SCIENCE IS usually taught in our schools today as if it were a dead language—as if it consisted of a body of knowledge that is complete and unchanging. Yet never in the history of mankind have new discoveries in science come so rapidly or had such direct impact upon our daily lives.

The study of current events is not strange to our classrooms, but it has usually been confined to the social studies—to contemporary history, government, and problems in democracy. Yet it is equally important that current events in science also be taught.

There are two major reasons why day-to-day news of science merits classroom time and attention. First, the gap between basic research and technology (product development and manufacture) grows smaller and smaller as time passes. To be fully educated in every sense of the word, one must have the knowledge and the skill to understand the science underlying technological achievements.

Second, and perhaps most important, members of the scientific community are playing an increasingly important role in government. It is obvious that every citizen should be in a position to understand the advantages and limitations of placing scientists in governmental positions, as well as the reasons they are being called away from research laboratories and universities in growing numbers. In addition, a certain scientific literacy is required to understand and appreciate the high level of Western Civilization, its dependence on science, and its relationship to the rest of the world. It is too much to expect this level of scientific literacy without cooperation from the schools. Indeed, current events in science must be included in the curriculum, and it must be begun in the junior high school grades, at least.

There are other very good reasons for modernizing the science curriculum in this fashion. I have seen the jump in interest and motivation among high school students when current topics such as compounds of the rare gases, the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and the laser are introduced in the classroom.

Consider, too, the fast pace of research. Scientific literature is being published at the approximate rate of 67,000 words per minute. Think how far behind our students will be when they leave school if no effort is made to keep them up to date. Moreover, if they are to become scientifically literate citizens they must find both the motivation and the skills to do so while still in school. It seems safe to say that if interest in science as a social force is not developed in school, it never will be.

All lists of the objectives of science teaching that I have seen include statements or suggestions that new developments in science belong in the curriculum. The fact is, however, that only a few science teachers pay even lip service to science current events. Perhaps science teachers haven't discovered how to bridge the gap between the working scientist and the high school student. But once they learn that it can be done with reasonable ease, they will do it.

Critics of this point of view may suggest that the new course programs (BSCS, CHEM Study, CBA, PSSC) solve this problem. However, it is clear that they do not. The new courses may indeed include significant advances in approach and organization. But they cannot cope with the information explosion in science any more than any other set of texts can. Inevitably, science texts are obsolete as they roll off the presses. Thus these new courses, regardless of their merits or limitations, are as much in need of additional information sources as the many traditional courses still being taught.

If our children are to become scientifically literate citizens, if they are to view science as a social activity, as an essential part of the cultural matrix, then they must be exposed to it *as it happens*. We can't be content with the textbooks as the beginning, middle, and end. This is teaching science as history alone. It isn't enough.

To teachers who complain that there isn't time to cover course content now, I say teach fewer facts, more broad concepts, and devote some time each week to what is happening in science today. It can be done, and it must be done. The teacher has the sole responsibility for bringing the news in science into the classroom. The information is there for the taking. More science than ever before is reported in the daily newspapers and general magazines. There are numerous very fine periodicals for the scientifically literate layman, as well as the well-known professional journals in science and science teaching. And finally, there are even science news periodicals designed specifically for student use.

Science educators should tap these resources. The best of them should be in the school library. Students should use them. How about the schools in your neighborhood? Is science locked within the four walls of a classroom and a single textbook, or are your youngsters learning to appreciate its vital role in modern society?

Where to Look

The following are science newspapers appearing weekly through the school year, designed especially for use in classrooms:

For junior high school:

Current Science (55 High Street, Middletown, Conn.)
Science World (Scholastic Magazines, 900 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.)

For senior high school:

Science and Math Weekly (55 High Street, Middletown, Conn.)
Senior Science (Scholastic Magazines, see address above.)

Other magazines, published for a wider audience, are:

Scientific American (415 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017)
Science (American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.)
Science News Letter (Science Service Inc., 1719 N St., N.W., Washington, D.C.)
International Science and Technology (205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.)
Space World (Palmer Publications, Inc., Amherst, Wis.)

A survey, by the author, of these and other publications appeared in the February 1965 issue of *The Science Teacher* (National Science Teachers Association, National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036).

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Schools Make News

A national system of college placement and credit by examination for all students in all subjects from grades eleven to fourteen, and maybe beyond, is the goal of the Council on College-level Examinations. Such a system would award college credit by examination, granting recognition for academic achievement whether acquired in secondary school, in a two- or four-year college, or in independent study.

While considering existing examinations, the Council, which is sponsored by the College Entrance Examination Board, intends to develop its own examination program. Although intended for use nationally on every campus, the tests must be diversified to avoid exerting "an undue standardizing influence on college instructional programs," emphasized Jack Arbolino, executive director of the Council. "They must recognize and reward diversity of preparation as well as diversity of purpose," he said.

Furthermore, "examinations alone are not enough." Score reporting, guidance services, and information publications are a few of the auxiliary services that will emerge from this national system of placement and credit by examination.

Many independent schools, through several different programs, are seeking out underprivileged high school students who would benefit from the curriculum and environment of a private school.

The Educational Enrichment Program at Boston last summer used faculty and student aids from six independent schools to operate tutorial centers for these students. With foundation funds, the Boston program will continue for two more summers, and independent schools in about ten other cities are reported to be considering similar programs.

The Independent Schools Talent Search, funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Rockefeller Foundation, joins with Dartmouth and Mt. Holyoke colleges in an effort to find and prepare economically deprived students for enrollment in a private school. The Dartmouth program for boys is in its second summer. Mt. Holyoke's program for girls started this year. Under the program, those students who successfully complete the intensive summer curriculum in math and English at these colleges will be admitted with a full scholarship to one of the seventy private preparatory schools that help comprise the Independent Schools.

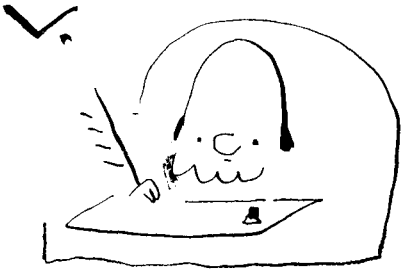
Numerous other schools and colleges across the country are conducting similar summer programs, financed by the OEO and various foundations, to increase the educational opportunities for disadvantaged students. The OEO expects these summer programs to serve as models for year-round programs, working in conjunction with the Poverty Program, some 600 Community Action Program organizations, college work-study programs and Neighborhood Youth Corps.

Professors and students at Stanford University, in light of last winter's campus unrest, adopted this spring a plan to help rethink what is the proper way to govern a university today. Believing that students and professors have a "common interest and identity (despite age and skill differences) in the pursuit of scholarship and the dedication to enlightenment," they have formed an "intimately working group" called the Stanford Association of University Scholars ("scholars" includes "journeymen" and "apprentices").

Generally, the Association's aim is to provide a means for regular easy communication between students and faculty, and between this joint body and the administration. Such communication would avoid crises such as occurred at Berkeley, by allowing each group representation and responsibility in governing the academic community and would make the university more responsive to its members' needs.

The Stanford group hopes to call out similar bodies on other campuses, and to form with them an American Association of University Scholars that would initiate a "systematic exchange of views as to what is being done in these matters all over the country."

Although the list of members initiating the Stanford Association implies equality among students and professors, a balance of power may be indicated in the suggestion that the proposed national group might eventually be associated with the American Association of University Professors.



The Educational Policies Commission, the unofficial but often influential spokesman for the education establishment, declared last month that the great job of the public schools is to provide equal educational opportunity for all. In a policy statement, "American Education and the Search for Equal Opportunity," the EPC, sponsored by the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators, dealt with the problems of the disadvantaged—primarily the problems of racial prejudice and segregation.

The report called for intensive efforts to desegregate all public schools, north and south. Furthermore, it stated, "interracial experience should be provided even in places where the population of an entire school district is of one race." It called for integration of school staffs and faculties and declared that special compensatory measures are necessary to provide equal educational opportunity for the disadvantaged.

"Nursery and kindergarten education for disadvantaged children should be available everywhere at public expense," the EPC said.

On the elementary and secondary levels, non-grading was recommended to prevent the frustration of the lock-step and to help individualize instruction. The EPC called on school principals to allow their teachers maximum freedom in subject matter and methods of teaching. The report also stressed the importance of parent education and school-community relations.

Special education for teachers of the disadvantaged was also urged with some recommendations, in general terms, as to what this might include.

Altogether, the report offered no information or ideas that are not already widely known and accepted, and its tone was mild. It derives its significance mainly from the prestige of the Commission's members, among whom are Arthur F. Corey, executive secretary of the California Teachers Association; J. W. Edgar, Texas state commissioner of education; Samuel M. Brownell, superintendent of schools in Detroit; John H. Fisher, president of Teachers College, Columbia; H. E. Tate, executive secretary of the Georgia Teachers and Education Association; and Forrest E. Conner, executive secretary of the American Association of School Administrators. The report is consistent with, but not much in advance of, actions taken recently by the NEA to end segregation in its state affiliates by July 1, 1966, and, most recently, to aid Negro teachers who have been fired when Southern school districts desegregated.

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Henry M. Wriston

PERSONAL OPINION

Publish or Perish

On this page each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education will be given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By HENRY M. WRISTON, *President of the American Assembly, Columbia University, and former president of Brown University.*

CATCH PHRASES compress ideas into clichés that gain wide currency but often distort thought. An illustration is the three familiar words: "Publish or perish." The phrase is commonly understood to describe the basis upon which a junior faculty member acquires senior status and academic tenure. The implication is that this is the only criterion, that the quality of teaching is not taken into account.

In reality, publication is only one of several criteria, though a vital one. In any good institution judgment of published material is based upon its quality rather than mere quantity. Even if bulk were to be used as a test, it could not be employed in different disciplines without discrimination. In mathematics and the physical sciences striking contributions are, as a general rule, made at an early age. On the other hand, critical essays in the humanities and significant contributions to philosophy and history usually come somewhat later; early contributions normally have only a limited scope.

The decision regarding tenure is now made at younger ages than formerly. Depending upon one's viewpoint, the Association of University Professors has exercised "strong leadership" or "great pressure" for early decision. Before the Second World War, the normal age for tenure decisions was in the forties; it now tends to be in the thirties.

A significant result of moving back the decision on tenure by approximately ten years is that universities and colleges have less time in which to observe the work of younger members of the faculty, either in teaching or research. Moreover, there has been intense pressure to count teaching elsewhere as part of their "trial period"; thus the actual time available to any given institution may be far too short for a sound judgment.

A second consequence of early tenure, almost never mentioned, is the extension of the institution's employment commitment by about ten years. Previous practice committed the institution to appointments for fifteen to twenty years; it is now nearer thirty. The decision to grant tenure has also become much more nearly irrevocable because the procedures for removing from office a person with tenure have grown far more complex and difficult than they used to be. Poor teaching is so hard to establish as an adequate ground for discontinuing a tenure appointment that it is seldom used. In thirty years of college administration, the only device I found useful was, in effect, to "buy his contract" by paying salary for a year or two of "leave" in exchange for a resignation.

Under the best of circumstances, estimating the character and quality of a man's teaching is enormously difficult. In the short run, student opinion regarding teaching ability is virtually worthless. In the long run, student judgment about a teacher is nearly always sound, but early decision regarding tenure must be made before the long-run view has had an opportunity to manifest itself. Opinions of scholars in other institutions are not available as a basis for judging the quality of teaching. They have no opportunity to observe his teaching, though they can judge his writing. Members of his own institution do not visit his classes because it is "bad form."

Teachers who start well may not continue to be effective. In this respect, they are like members of other professions. In words attributed to a famous author, a good many young writers "do not fulfil in middle life the promise of their youth."

The same is true of diplomats. In proposing the famous Eden Reforms in Britain the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs remarked, "Experience has shown that some men who are entirely satisfactory in the early years of their service either do not fulfil their promise or lose the qualities of initiative and energy that are necessary if they are to hold positions of greater responsibility." That is why all first-class foreign services now make is possible to force early retirement—a course not open to college administrators when teachers do not continue to do well.

Yet these same considerations apply to the teacher. Some years ago a study was made on the teaching of chemistry. To everyone's horror, those who made the study concluded that, generally speaking, the quality of teaching was in inverse ratio to the length of service; those with recent graduate training seemed to be the best teachers. This was a clear indication that some who had been regarded as good teachers had not continued to be good teachers after they attained tenure.

Another study revealed that among those who took a doctor's degree in mathematics an enormous percentage never thereafter published any original work. And the teaching of mathematics, as everyone now knows, went through a long and dismal period.

These facts suggest that "publish or perish" has a much deeper significance than its current use implies. The universities and colleges shelter a great many people who achieved tenure on the basis of what was thought to be superior teaching. Some then settled back and failed to continue to grow in their subjects by continuous study or research. During this rapid expansion of knowledge continuous and strenuous effort is required just to be able to teach well, much less expand the bounds of learning. Large numbers, having attained tenure, cease to make that effort; they not only do no research or writing, but are not up-to-date in their subjects.

An experienced teacher should have something to say to others who are committed to the endeavor to advance learning in his discipline. It is the only way in which others of equal age, experience, and training can form a judgment regarding his competence. As a general rule, so far as effective instruction is concerned, those who do not publish do perish. That is the forgotten significance of the current catch phrase.

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—*M.D. Paterson.*

"Full freedom to learn and teach will never exist until the battle has been fought and won right on the home grounds of every college and university."

The Grass Roots of Campus Freedom

By FREDERIC HEIMBERGER, *former Vice President and Dean of Faculties of Ohio State University.*

IN RECENT MONTHS the front page has been filled with accounts of hard-fought struggles for freedom of inquiry, teaching, or action in some of our better-known colleges and universities. This indicates a wide public interest that is indeed heartening. But there is danger that preoccupation with the few "big incidents" that are dramatic, photogenic, or even violent enough to capture the national headlines may distract attention—and thus concern—from the quiet and far less spectacular fight for freedom as it must be waged, day in and day out, at the grass roots of a thousand other campuses.

This is not to question the need for full reporting and wide discussion of these big and flashy affairs, even when they occur—as they usually do—in places where a high degree of freedom already exists. They often serve to sharpen central issues and to raise clearly visible standards of principle for all to rally 'round. They may also set examples to be followed in other situations and by perhaps less mature or enlightened academic communities. But the fact remains that what might be called the working freedom of the vast majority of American college teachers and students depends largely upon what happens in the almost countless relatively small incidents and actions that begin and end on the local scene. Unless we have blind faith in the "trickle down" theory, we must realize that full freedom to learn and teach will never exist until the battle has been fought and won right on the home grounds of every college and university.

The plain truth is that the kind of freedom that is often at issue in the widely publicized incident is not even approached on literally hundreds of other campuses where local pressures are still allowed to become local prohibitions. One thinks immediately of many smaller and less known schools—public or private, independent or church-affiliated—but a full listing would surely include quite a few large universities whose names are known to all. In many unreported situations scattered all over America, what ought to be an alarming lack of freedom attracts little or no public attention and concern. In some cases a few brave souls may be willing to risk their all in order to open a closed campus, but they often find so little encouragement that they either move on to other places or learn to stand silent in the face of what appears to be certain defeat.

Meanwhile, learned men write reams about a few hotly contested disputes such as the one at Berkeley, often describing, analyzing and picking them apart in a search for bits of fact or hidden motives that may then be pieced together as generalizations that are presumably valid on every other campus. But singling out the big incident may lead to a dangerously false assumption that a classic battle fought and won within a singularly great academic community is victory enough for all.

This brings a wry smile to many a president, dean, or faculty member who has labored hard and long to assure at least a measure of working freedom on his own campus, often at considerable personal risk. The big affair that makes the headlines, the TV specials, and the feature articles seems to lie a world apart from the struggle as he has known it—an arduous and usually thankless effort to fend off repeated threats to the right and

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duty of students and teachers to search for truth, no matter where or how far the quest may lead. He finds small comfort even in an impressive victory in some distant and different setting when it may be his daily lot to contend with a backward or vicious local press, with self-appointed arbiters of what is fit to be studied and taught, or with bands of bully boys who set out to intimidate and thus control. His battle is not joined in the thin air of high principle. Instead, it is fought on the ground and face to face with adversaries whose local power may indeed be frightening.

BUT there can be no foreseeable end to the vitally important struggle to win or defend freedom where it means the most—right at the grass roots of every campus in the land. In fact, it is highly probable that this effort will soon be even more essential and demanding. It is also probable that an increasingly heavy portion of the burden must and ought to be borne by the administrative officers of our colleges and universities, rather than left largely to the faculty and, quite recently, to the student body.

One reason the struggle for freedom will continue undiminished on the local scene is that old forms and respected traditions of higher education are now being shattered by enormous increases in enrollment, as well as by the demands of the new and largely materialistic social order that is growing out of spectacular advances in physical science and technology. The immediate question is whether old and venerated principles of freedom will retain their vigor and be translated into effective action in countless new situations. The answer to this question will most likely be found in a great number of day-to-day confrontations and decisions. It will depend as much upon a steady accumulation of small victories—each tough, hard-won, and attracting little attention—as upon the outcome of the great and classic battle where the opposing forces are boldly arrayed and openly joined for all to see.

One obvious way in which old patterns are being broken is through the creation, almost overnight, of scores of new schools, colleges, and even "universities" designed to meet the needs of mounting enrollments. They are coming into being about as fast as land can be bought and buildings built—sometimes as though that were all that it takes to establish a new seat of higher learning. A good many are located in communities that have had no previous experience in living with a college or university and thus have much to learn about the perils and petty irritations that often attend the search for truth. Moreover, many of these new institutions are being "sold" to the tax-paying public in terms of promised economic gains to the community. In the minds of local residents their principal purpose may be to promote "growth" and increase the riches of the immediate area—to enlarge and enhance what is, not to question and explore what might be.

While these burgeoning new institutions may be handsomely built and financed, it is likely that for some time to come most of them will be weak in experienced and confident leadership, as well as totally lacking in steadying traditions. Unless it is an offshoot of a larger system, each will call for a new governing board made up probably of persons whose intentions are good but whose knowledge of the imperatives of higher education may be sharply limited. Each must also have its own new set of administrative officers, possibly ones chosen primarily as promoters and builders rather than as experienced educators. New faculties will need to be assembled in a hurry and it is not entirely fanciful to surmise that, of necessity, they will include disproportionately large numbers of the very young who are just getting started in professional academic life.

Thus, starting almost from scratch, many of these new-born schools will face a difficult task in establishing strong policies of freedom and then translating brave words into working practice. A firm and unequivocal pledge of commitment to high principles, boldly stated and based upon the best in higher education, will serve as a proper beginning. But the real substance and quality of freedom to learn and teach on the new campus will be determined by what actually happens in specific cases—not by what is merely printed on paper.

In quite a few communities the defense of freedom, in old as well as new colleges and universities, is being made more and more difficult by the startling emergence of aggressive and well-organized bands of extremists. Irrational as they may seem to be, most of them are smart enough to realize that full freedom on the local campus is the strongest bulwark against blind public acceptance of their views and perhaps the greatest danger to their continued existence. Experience has shown that, whatever their ilk, these marauding bands are shameless in their use of falsehood and intimidation. This poses a threat to be reckoned with by even our most venerable universities—to say nothing of the fledgling schools that must establish their positions and their intellectual integrity in entirely new situations.

WHILE not as easily seen, long-accepted patterns and traditions are also changing significantly in a good many of our older institutions, particularly in the very large multi-purpose universities. One notable change that is important to the defense of freedom is in the attitude of a growing number of faculty members toward their profession and its responsibilities. In earlier years the individual teacher regarded himself as, first and foremost, university professor. He was

(*Continued on page* 69)

Max Thorpe (Monkmeyer).

"The principal purpose of any college or university administration must always be to encourage and facilitate learning in all of its many forms."

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DO-IT-YOURSELF IN GRANBY

The research and development concept that has been revolutionizing American industry in recent years is coming slowly to the nation's greatest enterprise, the schools. Educational leaders have, for years, been calling for greater emphasis on research to provide answers to the multitudinous problems facing education. The schools, however, plagued by growing enrolments and rising costs, have been sure that reluctant taxpayers would not support the diversion of local funds to such "unnecessary" purposes. Research and experiment, they believed, had to be the concern of foundations or the federal government. But one small community refused to believe that it could not carry out its own modest program of experimentation, designed to improve educational opportunities at home. Here is the story of that community's program as told by its superintendent of schools.

By EDWIN D. STEVENS

GRANBY IS a small Connecticut town of 5,300 inhabitants, without affluence and without unusual educational or political connections. For towns of its size, it has the lowest assessed valuation per pupil of any community in the state, and it ranks 151st among the 169 communities in the state.

But in its 1962-63 budget the Granby Board of Education included a new line called Research and Development. The board allocated $6,343 to this item, which represented 1 per cent of the total budget of the previous year. And this 1 per cent has been continued in each of the board's subsequent budgets, with $7,300 committed for next year.

The Granby school system is a small one, with a total of 1,408 students for the 1964-65 school year. There are three twelve-room elementary schools (grades one through six in each) with 880 students and a high school with 528 students in grades seven through twelve. The school system is currently growing at the rate of sixty to seventy students per year. Approximately 50 per cent of our high school graduates continue their schooling, with 25 to 30 per cent entering four-year colleges.

At the present time, we have just come to the end of our third year with R and D money available. We can now look back and see some of the things that have been done with the nearly $20,000 available for experimental purposes:

► Grades one, two, and three in one of our elementary schools are organized as a separate primary unit or team. They are ungraded in language arts and math and have a full-time teacher aide. The teacher aide's salary is no longer supplied from R and D; it comes from the regular salary area of the budget. After using aides for two years in two schools, the Board of Education, in line with our policies treating R and D funds, agreed that the use of teacher aides had been adequately tested and that their salaries should be absorbed in the regular budget.

► All students in grades four through eight are participating in a new paperback literature program of enrichment reading. Each of the five grades has from eight to ten books (children's classics and good modern novels) that must be read during the year. Therefore, at the end of grade eight, our students will have been exposed to approximately forty-eight children's classics and other excellent contemporary literature.

► We have initiated an independent study program in our high school. Eight students are doing this through correspondence courses with the University of Wisconsin and the International Correspondence School (five are taking a basic electronics course with ICS and three others are taking Latin and Russian Language I with Wisconsin). One other student is taking Russian Literature, but this is not part of a correspondence program. For the Russian Literature student and the student taking Russian Language I, we have hired a consultant from a nearby town (who teaches Russian and has an excellent background) to come to Granby once a month to check on the language student's progress and guide the literature student in her program. Three other students are working independently in programed mathematics.

► We have just more than doubled the size of our high school library and installed a study carrell program very similar to that of Melbourne High School in Florida. This allows us to handle 125 students in the library and eliminate the traditional study hall as such. Along with this, we have initiated honor study halls where the students have five options. A student may go to his study hall, go to our present small library, go to some other area in the building, go outside the building (on campus), or audit another class in session during that period. The new library arrangements will combine both study hall and library features and students will still have the options.

► Grades four, five, and six of another elementary school have begun a team approach to teaching in the academic

—Photos by Vernon R. Sicilia.

Paperback literature program—"At the end of grade eight, our students will have been exposed to approximately forty-eight children's classics and other excellent contemporary literature."

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areas by having one teacher specialize in one area and teach this area to all grades. Science and social studies are now the key areas for specialization.

► Team planning (once a week at each grade level and on school time) is in operation in grades seven and eight. American history (two classes) is being taught by two teachers working as a team and combining classes on special occasions.

► A telephone arrangement called Tele-lecture has been established at the high school. This involves two telephones with special speakers that can be used to have guest lecturers talk to our classes from their homes or offices, without ever coming to Granby, and allow our students to ask questions and receive answers.

► For the past two years our basal reading program has been evaluated in the light of three other approaches to reading. In the course of the coming summer, a recommendation will be made in this area. We are currently in the midst of conducting smaller evaluations of programed learning, Cuisennaire rods, and SRA reading materials.

► One elementary school initiated a physical fitness program for grades one through six and used upper elementary students as instructors. This was done without R and D funds but immediately spread to the other elementary schools with R and D funds.

► Our experimentation with reading by using elementary children in six-week summer classes led to a regular pre-first-grade summer program for our students that is in the regular budget.

After approximately the first two years of experience with such a program, we developed some new approaches to carrying out a research and development program.

IN the beginning we purposely allowed most individual R and D projects to be loosely structured in their operation, in an effort not to discourage staff members from trying new ideas and in order not to frighten eager teachers with strict observance of research procedures. We feel that this has proven to be a wise decision. Even now, we do not feel that a school system that really wants to develop an over-all "top" program should hold to stiff research standards—they are not applicable for the purposes involved. We are not concerned with basic research, only applied. It should also be remembered that development rather than research consumes most of our effort. However, we do believe that a definite structure and procedure is needed.

Our need for both structure and procedure has created a triumvirate for controlling educational change in the form of a position paper, flow chart, and task force.

The position paper will, in the future, initiate each R and D project. It will state the need for the project, present the design and scope, state the results that are expected, the method of evaluation, and procedure for assimilation (including time and cost) into the regular school program. The position paper initiates educational change and establishes direction.

The flow chart will plot the position paper's progress visually, along with time and revision factors considered, from theory to the reality of assimilation into the regular school program. The flow chart gives structure or "system" for pursuing educational change. The chart keeps track of a program in order to make sure that it will not get lost or die of attrition on the way to assimilation.

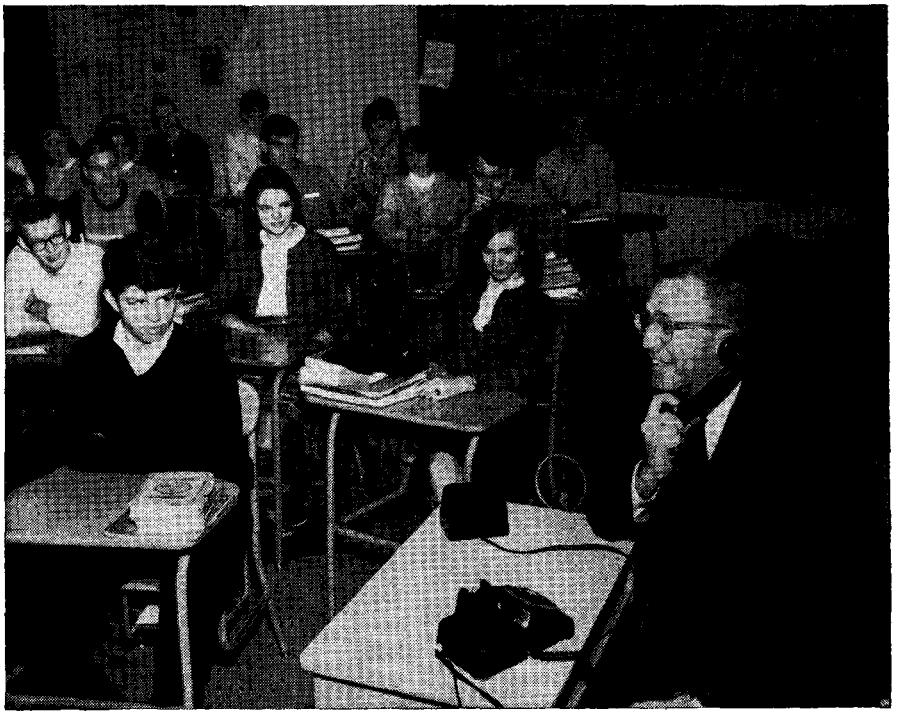
The task force approach contributes to the process of educational change by giving it movement and tempo, and establishing definitive time limits on making decisions. The idea revolves around using a small number of staff members, concentrating on a well-defined and delimited project, with a deadline, and authority as well as responsibility for results. The four- or five-member task force in Granby is a small, highly structured group, relieved of teaching duties for the entire school day on which their meetings take place. This procedure developed as a result of complete frustration with the so-called committee approach, so prevalent in school operational patterns, which tends to result in a series of fuzzy after-school meetings that too easily deteriorate into educational bull-sessions.

When our Research and Development program was first initiated we stated as a basic premise that:

> We believe we can prove that even a small school system, with limited funds, can on its own initiative, significantly improve its educational program. That a small community does not have to sit in the shadows of educational progress and change and wait for other larger and more affluent school systems to lead the way. We don't consider small size and being less than wealthy as being second class by definition.

Our experience thus far leads us to believe that this statement is even more valid today than it was when it was written about three years ago.

We have developed no educational panaceas, have had our share of hits and misses, and have undoubtedly made more mistakes than most school systems because we have been willing to experiment. However, because we have made mistakes, we have learned, and our mistakes were on a small scale. We didn't have to prove something worked (when it didn't) because we had spent money on it. One of our key concepts has revolved around honesty. Staff members have been told to state frankly whether something is good or bad. With money specifically labeled "for Research and Development," the right to make mistakes is built in and they come in small packages.



Tele-lecture class—"Guest lecturers talk to our classes from their homes or offices, without ever coming to Granby, and allow our students to ask questions and receive answers."

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—Photos by David Windsor (University of Chicago).

"Students raised in rural areas have neither more nor less trouble adjusting to the over-all conditions of life at Chicago."

Talent Grows in Small Towns, Too

By MURIEL BEADLE, *wife of the President of the University of Chicago and author of "These Ruins Are Inhabited."*

CAN GRADUATES of small-town or rural high schools successfully compete with their city cousins in the rigorously intellectual atmosphere of a selective private college?

Until recently, admissions officers at such colleges would have answered, "It depends on the individual" (which, of course, it *does*) or "I don't know." But many of them privately believed that the odds favor a graduate of, say, Newton High School in the Boston area rather than a graduate of Sweet Grass County High School in Big Timber, Montana.

This belief was based not only on their observation that top students at country schools often score lower on College Board exams than top students at urban schools, but also on their knowledge of possible reasons for such a scoring pattern.

For one thing, high schools with fewer than 800 students can rarely provide as broad or as rich a curriculum as those with enrollments of 2,000 or more. Some rural or small-town schools offer chemistry and physics only in alternate years, have severely limited language programs, give little or no advanced-level work of the type that is almost routine now in city or suburban schools.

Secondly, most small towns do not have art galleries, museums, a theater, or similar cultural resources. Many do not even have a public library. As a result, children who grow up in such communities often have far less exposure to the arts.

College admissions officers have long ascribed lower College Board scores among small-school graduates to lessened opportunities for learning. They even found a sociological term to describe their assumption. The standard tests, they say, have a "cultural bias."

But even if they were right, to have identified the cause didn't help much in solving the practical problem of whether to admit a specific applicant from an unknown high school in a town they'd never heard of.

How, for example, should one judge the academic potential of a rural-school valedictorian whose College Board scores are well below those of city-school valedictorians? How much allowance should be made for cultural bias in the tests? Or for the probability that the applicant had only one crack at this kind of exam? (Rural schools usually administer the test only to seniors, whereas metropolitan-area schools commonly let juniors take it, too, for practice.) Finally, how much faith should be

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put in the glowing recommendation of a teacher in behalf of "the best pupil I ever had"? She probably graduated from a state teacher's college; does she know what is expected of students at a selective private college?

To help resolve such problems, college admissions people long lacked anything that could be called general experience. The reason was simple: so few students from places like Bad Axe, Michigan, or Fernley, Nevada, apply for admission to high-prestige private colleges that it has been virtually impossible to compare their actual performance with that of students from high schools in urban areas. Therefore the decision to admit or not admit them has usually been based on hunch and hope.

This situation is changing, however—thanks to a program now in its fifth year at the University of Chicago. That institution's Small School Talent Search has so far brought 148 graduates of small-town and rural high schools to the university's college of 2,200 students, where their performance has been carefully watched.

Two conclusions have been reached:

1. Bright students from small schools in the long run do as well as or better than graduates of urban schools, though their first year or two may be more trying. During 1963-64, for example, Chicago's all-college grade-point average was 2.46 (on a scale of 4), against which freshmen in the small-school group rated 2.25; sophomores, 2.24; juniors, 2.72; and seniors, 2.82. Grade-point comparisons in other years also follow the same pattern of slow start, fast finish.

University of Chicago college officials believe that the initial difficulty stems from less adequate preparation in the humanities by country schools than by city schools. "Some of the kids just haven't been worked hard enough," says Miss Margaret Perry, associate dean who runs the Small School Talent Search, "and some haven't gone into a subject deeply enough.

"The other day, for example, I had a talk with a freshman who has been getting A's in math and chemistry and D's in English. As he left the office he sighed and said, 'I'd be fine here if they'd taught me in high school how to read a book.' He'd read a lot, of course; what he meant was that nobody had ever taught him how to read critically."

2. No allowance should be made for cultural bias in College Board scores when judging the ability of a country school graduate to do the work required at a college as demanding as Chicago's.

The nine students admitted in 1960 (the program was deliberately started on a modest scale) had verbal and mathematical College Board scores that averaged thirty to fifty points below those of their classmates. Only three of the nine graduated. Drop-out rate: 67 per cent. The nineteen entrants of 1961, although closer to their class average on math scores, were fifty points below the average on verbal tests. Twelve withdrew. Drop-out rate: 63 per cent. In admitting each group, allowance had been made for cultural bias on the tests.

Inasmuch as no miraculous flowering of latent ability had occurred in '60 and '61, the thirty-three students admitted in 1962 and the forty-five admitted in 1963 were given no points for cultural deprivation. In each of those years, students from urban schools still led their country cousins on verbal scores (by twenty to thirty points), but the entering small-school students had math scores that *bettered* the average of the entire freshman class. Drop-out rates: 36 per cent in 1962, 15 per cent in 1963.

In short, many small-town and rural high schools *do* prepare their students as well as big-city and suburban high schools. All that a college has to do is find them.

The University of Chicago set out to find them partly as an exercise in educational research and partly for a self-serving reason. Because its students come predominantly from urban areas, college officials believed that a better "mix" would result if more students with small-town or rural backgrounds were present to leaven the loaf.

The program's official name, the Small School Talent Search, was early corrupted on campus to the Grass Roots Talent Search; hence, the students it brings to Chicago have been christened "the GRITS kids." The 1960 entrants came from only four Midwestern states, from schools that were invited to submit candidates. Thirteen states are now represented and nominations may be made without invitation by any small-town or rural school administrator. Most such students need financial assistance; the average scholarship granted to them by Chicago is $1,000.

Everybody at the University is delighted by the addition of the GRITS kids. They are warm and friendly, respond eagerly to cultural opportunities, participate enthusiastically in extracurricular activities. Of one boy who has not distinguished himself as a scholar, Miss Perry says, "I don't care if he winds up with a 1.76 average. The university has profited by having him here, and society will benefit by what we've given him."

As one might expect, students with RFD addresses are less sophisticated than students raised in urban areas, but they have neither more nor less trouble adjusting to the over-all conditions of life at Chicago. Among them there have been the same inexplicable failures and the same brilliant successes typical of any student body whose members were presumably of equal potential on entrance.

This last point is dramatically demonstrated by a list of University Scholars that Miss Perry keeps in her office. ("University Scholar" is an honorary title bestowed on the fifteen most promising students in each entering freshman class.) For each of the past five years, at least one GRITS kid has been on the list. Among the fifteen so honored in 1960, the GRITS kid in the group was expelled in 1963, academic failure being only part of the reason. In contrast, the 1961 list included among University Scholars a small-school graduate from an Indiana town with a population of 4,500—a boy who became Chicago's student body president and a Rhodes Scholar-elect.

"Many small-town and rural high schools *do* prepare their students as well as big-city and suburban high schools."

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World History with a New Look

An Educational History of the Western World, *by Adolphe E. Meyer (McGraw-Hill, 516 pp., $7.50), examines the development of education from antiquity to the recent past. The reviewer is Assistant Professor of Educational Theory and Application at New York University.*

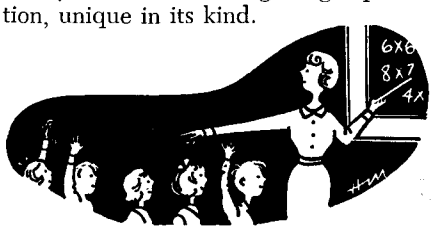
By JANICE L. GORN

THE PREFACES of some histories provide a dossier of the author's early childhood experiences, graduate school mentors, and domestic felicity. Others delineate grandiose aims and promise the reader "impact." A few abjure the use of a preface and the reader is left to play detective, wending his way through hundreds of pages, sniffing for the spoor of the purpose of that particular disciple of Clio. Meyer leaves one in no doubt. He says that the book's purpose "is to survey the great landmarks of Western education from antiquity to the recent past." He addresses the book to anyone who will read it, but "especially to college students enrolled in the history of education." However, he goes further—much further—". . . educational history at bottom is social history, . . . Hence, in order to understand the one, it is essential to know the other . . . . it is also the history of philosophy and psychology, of teaching methods, of school organization, of school support and maintenance, of politics and law." Finally, he commits himself to consider the major figures in educational history, ". . . its singular men and women, its spinners of dreams—even its seers." He reminds us that even these must have dined and drunk, bled and battled, loved and lost. Their lives and their ideas, even though as the "immortal great" of educational history they soared above "the general," reflect the cultures in which they lived. Per corollary, so does educational history. The author makes clear what he intends to do, and proceeds to do it.

Because of the unfortunate dearth of educational material in texts and social histories for general consumption, it is a pity that this book's title includes the word "education." Perhaps it is an even greater pity that its presence may tend to discourage some readers. It could serve well (one can envision the raised eyebrows of the "pure historians") as the basic text in any liberal arts college course in "World Civilization" or the "History of Western Civilization." It should at least be collateral reading. It reaches far beyond the traditional domain of such college texts. For the general reader, it is a delightful refresher in world history with a new look. In our overwhelmingly education-oriented civilization, it is time that the taxpayers were informed about how our education evolved. Meyer deals with this evolution in less detail in this book, but as skilfully as in his *An Educational History of the American People.*

One is tempted to dwell on the early portion of the book because it is full of surprises. It would be readily understandable if, upon opening any history and being confronted with a section entitled "Ancient Times" and an initial chapter on "Greece," one's reaction were, "My God, that again!" But, it isn't *that* again. In a recent article in *Greek Heritage*, Kerenyi strove to give the reader some sense of the startling quality of Greece's sunlight. Meyer's chapter on Greece makes one aware of the country itself as well as of this radiance. To the brilliance of the sun, he adds the illuminating quality of the minds of the men who walked those roads, breathed that air, and reflected upon the condition of man, in a way so special as to make them illustrious and revered forebears. So palpable is this climate, so engaging, that one finds it easy to understand how and why it produced a Democritus, a Socrates, a Plato and an Aristotle. The complexities of Platonic philosophy, and this is true of Meyer's explications of all philosophical systems, are explained with a gracious and graceful simplicity, in sharp contrast to the usual tendentious simplifications. He does as much and as well for Ancient Rome.

There is an exquisitely wrought, though tightly constructed, bridge that carries one from ancient times to the medieval period. Of even greater moment is the section on the medieval period itself. If for no other reason, the portion entitled "Light from Islam" makes this a valuable work. The two-page exposition on the appeal of Christianity is a lucid and beguiling explanation, unique in its kind.



Throughout the book there are informative vignettes on most of the notable figures in history, with special reference to those whose lives made a specific contribution to education. But these are incidentals, eloquent incidentals it is true, and the special care he gives Abelard of Paris, or Adelard of Bath, or Budaeus, or Erasmus, or Vittorino, or Rolland, or Uno Cygnaeus, or Tuiskon Ziller, or any of a long list of familiar and unfamiliar seminal minds, is most welcome.

At the end of a section dealing with the religious and scientific reformations, and at the end of the section entitled "Early Modern Times" he concentrates on some of the stars. It is not just the new and rich material he has unearthed that makes these profiles valuable; it is also the way in which he has crawled inside the minds of these men and explored their personalities. In so brief a compass, it is impossible to deal with all of them. They should be listed: Montaigne, Richard Mulcaster, John Milton, John Locke, Wolfgang Ratke, Jan Amos Comenius, August Hermann Francke, Rousseau, Johann Basedow, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer. All of these essays are gems. It is impossible to select the best. Basedow has too often been neglected; Montaigne's views are too little known by educators, because they have been embalmed in books on literature; and though Meyer doles out praise charily, one might say that Comenius is the hero of the book. Of eminent importance, justice is finally done for Rousseau. The clue is Meyer's own phrase; he refers to him as being "a mixture of evangelist and poet."

In the sections of the book entitled "Early Modern Times" and "Up to Recent Times," all of the old, dead horses of educational history leap to their feet with the vigor of young stallions. The chapters on Russia are vastly informative and supersede anything available, either in formal histories of education or in the polemics of such patriots as Rickover.

What sets Meyer off from most of the "accepted" historians of education, and from many of the "accepted" historians *per se*, is the fact that while his scholarship is as sound as theirs, he really writes. There is style and wit and beauty in the writing on every page. One might quibble with an occasional repetition in structure, or the reiterant use of a particular description, but that would be ridiculously petty in the face of such riches. One may do no better than to use his own comment on William James's great work on psychology to describe this book: ". . . Despite its palpable scholarship, it is also full of force and charm, a rare and savory dish, indeed, to set before a student"—or before any man.

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What Did It Mean?

They Closed Their Schools: Prince Edward County, Virginia, 1951-1964, *by Bob Smith (University of North Carolina Press, 281 pp. $5.95), is an account of the events leading up to and through the five years when the public schools of Prince Edward were closed in order to avoid desegregation. The reviewer is a novelist and free-lance writer.*

By PAUL JOHNSON

PRINCE EDWARD is a name to conjure with—and so many persons have done precisely that during the past decade and a half that we might well have despaired of ever learning what actually transpired there.

In 1959 Prince Edward County, Virginia, chose to close the public schools rather than obey a federal court order to desegregate. The schools remained closed for five years, during four of which Negro students of the county received no schooling at all. Last September the doors opened again—this time for desegregated classes. The ordeal was over legally. But what did it mean?

Seeking the answers, Bob Smith, editorial page editor of the Charlotte, North Carolina, *News*, had to go back to April 1951, when the county first received national publicity through a dramatic strike organized and executed by Negro students protesting the conditions in their high school. That publicity served only to widen the tremendous gulf between the white and Negro populations, to harden already intransigent attitudes, and to accelerate an inexorable process that resulted in an experience unique not only in the annals of the civil rights movement but in all of American history—the only case on record where a community chose to terminate so basic a democratic institution as public education rather than conform to the directives of the highest court in the land.

There are a great many other, less simple reasons why Prince Edward's story is unique. While Mr. Smith would not pretend to have discovered them all, he has done a fuller, deeper, and wiser job than we had any reason to expect. Starting in 1959, when he was an associate editor of the Norfolk, Virginia, *Pilot*, he spent his free time and weekends immersed in the Prince Edward school situation, interviewing, reading, and rereading pertinent newspaper stories, and personally observing the unfolding events. His book is really, he asserts in his preface, "the outgrowth of a desire to produce a contemporary history of race relations in the South that would be so painfully specific in human detail that the reader would be hard pressed ever to hide again behind the comforting bulk of ideology." In this he falls short; this is a story of Prince Edward in particular and not that of the South. But then, too, this is one of those books whose faults are nearly always as instructive as the virtues.

A refusal to deal in abstractions, especially when treating a subject such as this one, is certainly praiseworthy. To reach into a mess of tangled events and pluck out glowing messages is not necessarily to begin to understand it. But, on the other hand, a story can be as specific and unique and intensely complicated as you please, without becoming particularly meaningful. Such conundrums, as cryptic as they might seem, are entirely pertinent here. Much of the meaning, for us, of Prince Edward must lie in the apparent lack of any clear one. And much of the strength of *They Closed Their Schools* will be found in the dramatic weaknesses of the tale it tells.

To begin with, there is no beginning—any more than there is an end in sight. Smith has striven nobly, but the farther down he dug, the more there was still to uncover. Finally he decided to start with one participant, Leslie Griffin, as he returns to Farmville, the county seat, in 1949, to help with the preaching at his father's church. This was not at all a bad choice. The younger Griffin is a looming figure, pivotal—if the story can be said to have any pivots. He has been at war, at college, living in the North. He has joined the NAACP. In short, he is not the same person who went away. But in Farmville, he sees immediately, "very little had changed."

Griffin introduced, we wade into the murky subject of the local power structure. Then comes the students' strike. The hopeful excitement is marvelous while it lasts, and Barbara Johns, the leader, would be a splendid heroine if this were only fiction. Ah, yes, if this were only fiction, there would have to be a cathartic outcome, defeat, or victory. Certainly no novelist could ever get away with what we have here—fourteen years of anticlimax, with Barbara becoming a housewife in the North while the fire she helped to ignite smolders on.

There are many other characters, black and white, who strut about this cramped stage for a while. We come to feel we've lived for years across the street from them—we know them that well, and that poorly. They are as individual, and as inscrutable, as neighbors. They make their speeches and gestures and then, when we begin to think there *must* be a showdown this time, they shuffle quickly away into the wings. Frustration follows fascination, becomes the only fascination, and avant-garde theater receives an ironic confirmation from this strangest of quarters. Prince Edward is waiting for Godot, and long before he finally arrives, in nine long black robes, we have sensed that this last can only be the bitterest joke of all. Despite the white leaders who envisioned a glorious rallying point for segregationists everywhere, and despite the NAACP strategists who counted upon winning a test case with far-

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PRENTICE-HALL

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reaching implications, there simply was "no large Constitutional question" to be settled. What's more, by the time the "long, deadening stalemate" produced by "absolute reliance . . . on both sides" upon "judicial oligarchy" had been ended, the civil rights movement had passed Prince Edward by. The real answers were no longer to be looked for in the courts, but rather in the streets, and the final results in Prince Edward were of barely more than local consequence. The footlights come up slowly on the faces of the fooled: "Prince Edward ended finally as a special case."

And what, if anything, has changed? The Negro children still go to segregated schools, after five years of no public schools at all. They go to the formerly white schools, it's true, and these are certainly better plants than their old "temporary" tarpaper shacks. But the white children, all but a handful, go to their private schools. On the strictly debit side, friendships and all other kinds of relations have been strained beyond all quick healing. (But "in the broad sense of the word," as Mr. Smith points out, "there have never been race relations in Prince Edward.")

WHILE abiding these ultimate ironies, however, the reader's main source of satisfaction is in the persistent destruction of all the clichés. For one of the more obvious examples, there is the testimony of Helen Baker, a Friends field worker: "I came expecting all sorts of strife and tension and I have found instead a great restraint and unfailing courtesy. These people are not gun-toting bums, they are gentlemen." Virginia, of course, is not Mississippi or Alabama. But this does not mean that solutions here are any closer to hand.

There is also, throughout, an instructive (if seldom explicit) dialogue going on between two currently conflicting democratic ideals: local autonomy and public education.

And then there are the victims, the children, whose loss can neither be assessed nor repaired. They were the battleground, and they remain the sole monument and meaning of it all. They were (we tend, unforgivably, to forget this) "the ultimate stakes."

It should be reiterated that Mr. Smith's is not a brilliant book. Its quietly asserted conclusions are tentative, or conceivably controvertible, or do not reach very far. And there is not one really stirring, quotable passage, aside from the actual words of some of the participants. But we do not need brilliance. Not this time, at this point in the game. We need the facts of the matter, fairly and thoroughly investigated. For that, Mr. Smith deserves more gratitude than praise, possibly, but he ought to have quite a lot of both coming to him.

New Books

Society and Education in Brazil. *By Robert J. Havighurst and J. Roberto Moreira. University of Pittsburgh Press.* 263 *pp.* $6. A study of the social and economic forces shaping education in one of the key nations of South America.

Formative Ideas in American Education from the Colonial Period to the Present. *By V. T. Thayer. Dodd, Mead and Company.* 394 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. Traces the various schools of our education philosophy and links them to the cultural factors and historical influences responsible for producing them.

Vacations Abroad, 1965. *Unesco Publications Center (317 East 34th St., New York, N.Y.* 10016). 162 *pp. Paperback,* $2. International Directory of Summer Courses, Study Tours and Work Camps.

Research on the Talented. *By Miriam L. Goldberg. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 72 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. Compares recent findings with those from past research; examines the work of current projects on perennial, unsolved problems and on new unchartered ground.

Mass Media and National Development: The Role of Information in Developing Countries. *By Wilbur Schramm. Stanford University Press and Unesco.* 333 *pp.* $7.50. Sees in mass media vast possibilities for stimulating progress in education and, in turn, economic and social development. Study forms part of the Unesco campaign to help build mass communications development programs.

Change and Innovation in Elementary School Organization. *Edited by Maurie Hillson. Holt Rinehart and Winston. Paperback,* $3.95. Selected readings concerning the most popular current suggestions for reorganizing the elementary school, breaking away from the graded, self-contained-classroom structure.

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Guide for Planning Community College Facilities. *By Frank P. Merlo and W. Donald Walling. The Division of Field Studies and Research, Graduate School of Education, Rutgers, the State University (New Brunswick, N.J.).* 40 *pp. plus 25-page checklist.* $2.90. A guide for educators, architects, and planning committees, providing some basic suggestions for planning comprehensive facilities to meet the particular needs of the community college. Includes a checklist of typical questions to be considered regarding site, buildings, instructional areas, and special facilities.

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Higher Education in the American Republics. *By Harold R. W. Benjamin. McGraw-Hill.* 224 *pp.* $10. Treats education in relation to national development, providing a history of higher education in Latin America with extensive data, summary, and analysis.

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Grass Roots Freedom

Continued from page 61

rightfully proud of his association with others in this honored profession and quick to rise to the defense of their freedom, no matter what their fields of interest. But things have changed considerably, perhaps because of the vast increase in what is known or knowable. The day of the widely learned and broadly concerned man seems to be gone, and most faculty members are either being forced into narrow specialization just to keep up or are attracted to it by its greater promise of rapid advancement. Thus the wider professional association, with its attendant concerns and responsibilities, seems to mean less and less, particularly to the youngsters who are trying desperately to get ahead. Moreover, most of our larger institutions are now employing great numbers of persons who are basically technicians—perhaps experts, but not really university professors. Given faculty rank and voting rights, as they usually are, they may seriously jeopardize cohesive purpose and effective action when a stern and united defense of freedom is essential.

PROFESSIONAL societies, such as the American Association of University Professors, will surely continue to play an important role. But at least to this observer, two distressing weaknesses now seem to exist at the level of national organization. First is what appears to be a lack of any great concern and desire to become involved when the question at issue is one of student freedom outside the classroom—as though the right of a professor to teach on the campus could be set apart from an equal right of his students to learn. Actually, the battle for freedom in the classroom has been pretty well won in most of our colleges and universities, and cases of direct interference, while exceedingly important to be sure, are relatively rare. The front line has now moved out to the broader reaches of the campus and, in a great many local situations, the question at issue is one of full freedom for the kind of total learning that must be possible in any academic community.

There also seems to be a tendency on the part of the national organization to center attention upon the big and obviously important incident, thus leaving strong—or possibly very weak—campus chapters largely to their own devices in dealing with local situations that are often sticky and difficult. But, to put it bluntly, many local chapters are simply not up to this task. They are not alert, determined, and broadly representative enough to be really effective in meeting powerful adversaries on the home grounds. Moreover, accustomed as they properly are to finding solutions through scholarly discussions, they are usually at a serious disadvantage when those who threaten freedom are scornful of both reason and open debate.

Not infrequently, the weakness of a faculty in dealing with a tough local situation may be compounded by the reluctance of a good many of its members to become directly and personally involved. Every campus seems to have its quota of very able professors who choose to stand above the backyard battle for freedom. Their interest seems to be only an esoteric one and it is limited largely to the questions of principle which are at stake in the big incident. They turn away from what may seem to be a petty local affair—leaving that to others who are sometimes called "activists" and thus haughtily judged to be lacking in scholarly detachment. All the more credit to those great scholars who realize the vital importance of what goes on right at home and are willing to become deeply and perhaps dangerously engaged.

For various reasons, then—among them the rapid emergence of new and youthfully inexperienced schools, the rise of powerful and aggressive antiliberal forces, and a subtle change in faculty attitudes—it seems certain that the struggle for freedom at the grass roots will continue unabated and that administrative officers must and ought to be in the forefront. This will be nothing new for our really good presidents and deans, but others who are more administrators than educators will shy away. Some will no doubt find safety in silence when the urgent need is for speaking out. Others will seek easy refuge in the old but completely untenable position that "academic" freedom applies only to the classroom and the private study, holding that there is no infringement and no need to be concerned as long as there is no direct interference with either formal teaching or scholarly publication.

Whether or not a president or dean understands and accepts his full share of personal responsibility depends largely upon the way he sees his job and its central purposes. There is little hope for help from one who casts himself in the role of a promoter, manager, or public relations man and regards the defense of freedom as an irritating and possibly damaging distraction—one that he wishes would go away and leave him free for the more important business at hand.

Only a moment's reflection is needed to make it perfectly obvious that the principal purpose of any college or university administration must always be to encourage and facilitate learning in all of its many forms—to bring together students and teachers in a common quest for truth, to stimulate interest and arouse an active concern that will last a lifetime, and, of vital importance, to create or preserve those conditions that are essential to the gaining of these goals. Full freedom to explore the unknown then takes its proper place high on the list of imperatives for any president or dean. Its defense is neither a troublesome chore nor a risk to be taken reluctantly.

This does not mean that the good administrator goes out spoiling for a public brawl in which to prove his mettle. Quite the opposite, in fact. He is most effective when, calmly and quietly, he lets his actions speak for themselves, thus really earning the confidence of students and faculty alike. No great display is needed to convince them that their freedom to learn and teach is a matter of major concern to him and that he will neither turn them aside nor leave them to walk alone when the going gets rough. They have a way of feeling it in their bones and quickly spotting the difference between brave but empty words and quiet but firm action that reveals a deep and compelling commitment.

Someone once said facetiously—but rightly—that the most important blocking backs on any campus are not the helmeted heroes of the football field. Instead, they are those academic administrators who really know their jobs and thus stand ready, regardless of painful bumps and bruises, to run interference so that students and faculty can learn

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and teach freely. Only a very few, even among the faculty, ever know how much of their time and energy our better presidents and deans actually give to this often thankless task.

To be more specific, what kinds of situations are likely to confront an administrator in the defense of freedom on the local scene? While the forms are countless and follow no set pattern, it may be helpful to describe briefly and factually a few actual cases chosen from the scores in which this writer was directly involved over a span of years—cases that went almost unnoticed while public attention was centered upon a long and still fruitless effort to end unwarranted administrative restrictions upon the right of students to hear guest speakers of their own choosing. There is nothing unusual about these examples, and any other dean could offer a similar list of cases drawn from his own personal experiences. They are intended only as helpful illustrations, and certainly not as models of correct action.

A typical case, repeated time and again with only minor variations, was a visit to the dean's office by an elderly man of considerable influence in the community. He came to allege that two members of the faculty, whom he named, were subversives and to demand that they be fired forthwith. This demand was backed by what he evidently thought would be a compelling threat of exposure through a small but widely circulated pamphlet that he published regularly. This threat quickly fell apart when he was courteously told that the case would be thoroughly investigated as soon as he submitted a written statement of his charges, complete with signature and witnesses—and that each of the persons under attack would be given a copy so that he might defend himself, within the university or in the courts. A familiar variant of this kind of case occurs when the parent of a student alleges that a low grade was due entirely to the unwillingness of his son or daughter to agree with the radical views of his teacher.

In another case, a letter from a very highly placed state government official said that he had heard on good authority that a beginning instructor was teaching against the Catholic Church in a freshman history course. This one called for many days of quiet work to trace the story to its source and to learn whether or not it had enough substance to merit further investigation. As a result, it was clearly established that the suspicion directed against the teacher was just another product of the rumor mill and, when informed of this, the high official apologized. The young instructor never knew that he was under fire because it seemed wise not to plant even a seed of fear in his mind unless there was need for him to defend himself.

During the McCarthy period, two widely accepted books written by a member of the faculty were removed from the libraries of certain overseas agencies of the United States. No reason was given, but when the news reached the local community the effect was to place the author under immediate suspicion. He had just been recommended for appointment to the chairmanship of his department but final approval was delayed by fear of the off-campus reaction. One influential person, who obviously was not too much impressed by the values of freedom and fair play, sought to have the nomination quietly withdrawn because the appointment "would cost the university a million dollars" in legislative appropriations. This easy way out was firmly rejected, the appointment was made, and, as usually happens in such cases, the threatened consequences never materialized.

Another case involved the defense of both university policy and a member of the faculty. This man was being sent to Moscow and Leningrad to buy books that were needed quickly to bring the Slavic language library collection up to the level required by a new program of graduate study. An irate letter to the editor, published unsigned by a local newspaper, demanded to know who had authorized this buying expedition and cast doubt upon the faculty member by broadly hinting that he might return from Russia with something more than books. A signed reply, carefully explaining the reasons and firmly defending the trip, was sent to the editor with a request that it be published immediately.

One very difficult situation that may or may not have been duplicated on other campuses arose when an unidentified agency of the national government leaked possibly accurate but highly detrimental and supposedly secret information about a faculty member to three persons who were very powerful on the local scene. One was a high official in state government and the other two were prominent alumni who were active in campus affairs. It was quite evident that these persons expected the university to "get that man out of there right away," as one of them said. Bitterly recalling the oft-repeated claims that such agencies merely investigate and never prosecute or punish, the administrator who was chiefly responsible in the case dreaded the task that he could not escape—that of upholding the right of every faculty member to defend himself fully against specific charges openly made and supported by valid evidence. In this case, he was spared that ordeal by the sudden and still unexplained resignation of the man who was under attack, an action that was neither forced nor due to any discoverable approach from within the university.

One last example of threats to freedom and what can happen when they are not dealt with immediately and effectively: The Student Senate found itself in the very unusual position of having a substantial balance left over from its Homecoming Dance. Quite commendably, it decided to use this windfall to sponsor a public symposium on "The Idea of a University." Four widely respected scholars were brought to the campus to participate, along with the governor of the state and the writer of this article. At the opening session, unknown persons stood on the steps of the auditorium and distributed mimeographed materials anonymously attacking each of the six participants and demanding an investigation by the Board of Trustees. This demand was then headlined by the local press. The student leaders who sponsored the event were disheartened and deeply hurt when neither the board nor the university administration took a public stand on the charges and neither chose to defend the program or the distinguished visitors who had been invited to the campus. Thus the students on one campus found that their freedom to listen and learn was subtly but substantially diminished by suspicions that were left to go unchallenged in the community.

Not one of these sample cases attracted more than local interest and reporting. Not one broke fresh ground or gained new heights of principle. Yet each one left the working freedom of thousands of university students and teachers just a little stronger or a little weaker. And so it goes, day in and day out, all across the nation. Surely this quiet phase of the endless struggle merits as much attention and discussion as the occasional and widely publicized big incident. Open evidence of that kind of public concern would give new courage and purpose to a great many students, teachers, and administrators who now stand virtually alone in the fight for freedom where it often means the most—right at the grass roots of every campus in America.

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Artist on Campus

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obvious must. But places to perform and exhibit and listen to high professional performance and see first-class art are equally necessary. It is hard to believe that a full-fledged art program, for example, can flower without a first-class teaching museum.

In addition, the presence of a repertory theater, a professional orchestra, and aritists-in-residence would become a natural part of the artistic scene. And finally, such a college might wish to develop appropriate relations with secondary schools in its area to devise programs for the talented youngster.

But in making this big decison and working out both structure and theory to implement it, we may find we have raised an enormously important matter that could affect the whole of the university. If art is only a particular form of creative activity, then in examining the circumstances of the artist, we may have to ask if the steps required to protect the creative artist may not have to be applied to other fields as well. The nasty thought intrudes that maybe the university has too quickly applied general rules to all its students and faculty without proper consideration to that precious fraction whose creative genius requires very special handling.

In short, are we really hospitable to creativity across the board? If we hesitate at all in answering this question, then we may thank our lucky stars that the creative artist has come along to make us take a hard look at ourselves.

Specifically, we should ask whether we really know where the creative talent exists on our campus. Can we distinguish between creativity and mere productivity? If we cannot, we had better find out how to do it.

Do we feel that a professor is a professor and a student is a student? Do we adhere to rigid rules that might destroy or cripple really creative talent caught in our administrative gears? If so, we have some self-study on our hands.

We all believe in the doctrine that every professor should teach. But teach whom and teach how? Should the really creative mind be forced to teach those who cannot understand him? Must we be more careful to match the capabilities of student with the particular characteristics and value of our professors?

We know that periods of concentration are needed by the creative artist who would maintain his creativity. Can we be sure that the routines we have established for student and faculty may not be exquisitely but unconsciously calculated to weed out and suppress creativity rather than encourage it?

It may be that we will find ourselves giving far more attention than we have to differentiating between those whose great forte is dealing with and stimulating the ideas of the student, and those whose contributions to society and others in the same field may well be a practically complete preoccupation with their own ideas. Both talents are an absolute requirement in any university department. To say that the creative wing must leave the campus, as has been suggested, is to remove from any field the diamond bit that makes it possible to cut through the rocks of both ignorance and tradition to the goals we seek.

And so, I would say: Artist beware, but university prepare. Let the artist learn where his real talent lies and how it can be most effectively adjusted into a university environment and protected from what is inimical to its development. And at the same time, let the university recognize the need for the special treatment required for creative talent whether working in the field of the arts or in other fields.

And, although the idea may be startling, it is by no means certain that in this process the artist on the campus may not make a greater contribution to the future of the university than the university can make to the future of the artist.

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BUDDHA LOVED THEM. Now shipping fresh Florida Mangoes. Exotic tropical fruit. Send for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

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IMPOVERISHED BOSTON PHYSICIAN seeks loan of castoff grand piano to humanize garret. Box N-767.

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PERSONALS

DISTINCTIVE THEATRE near the finest beaches on the northeastern seaboard. Pinter, Shaw, Beckett, Jones, Williams, Albee, Ionesco, Behan, Moliere, Jonson. University of Rhode Island Summer Theatre Festival, Kingston, R.I. July 1st through August 29th. Adrian Hall, Artistic Director.

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DEDICATED TO EXCELLENCE in Antique Clock Restoring. The British Clockmaker, Joseph Bates, CMBHI, Newfane, Vermont. 802-365-7770.

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PERSONALS

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ENGLISH Ph.D. CANDIDATE, female, PBK, fluent French, German, teaching experience, superlative recommendations. Part time NYC. Box N-776.

REFINED, CAPABLE widow with medical and organizational background seeks live-in, household-manager-secretary position with flexible, intelligent establishment, due to tax bind. Box N-788.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS WRITER—Major New York City corporation seeks career man for full-scale public relations program. Should have demonstrated writing ability. Newspaper experience or public relations training helpful. Fine opportunities in press, community and stockholder relationships, editorial services and employee communications. Salary $8,500-$12,000, depending on qualifications. Box N-740.

WANTED: Executive hostess for small luxury beauty resort in southern California. 40-60 year old professional lady, retired physician or college teacher who enjoys people. Salary equal to ability. Live in. Send particulars to Box N-471.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box M-846 Saturday Review.

MANAGING EDITOR. Experience in general editorial supervision and reference book work is required. NYC. Box N-769.

WRITER—Top-level speech writer for blue-ribbon New York corporation. Current business, economic and social topics. Knowledge of economics highly desirable. Background in newspaper work or teaching preferred. Salary $10,000-$12,000. Send resume and samples of work to Box N-737.

SENIOR ADVERTISING COPYWRITER. Major textbook publisher looking for right person to develop advertising copy, working with editors. Desirable background: elementary/high school teaching or textbook sales. Work in Boston. $7,000 upward depending on qualifications. Send complete resume to Box N-779.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT. Farms, magnificent views. Acreage. Houses. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

A COUNTRY HOME for family living. A place to raise children, grandchildren, horses, sheep, cattle, fruit trees. This beautiful farm of 200 acres has fields, woods, brooks, hills, barns and a remodeled, modernized Colonial farmhouse of 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Everything in perfect condition. $37,500. Robert Morgan, Cambridge, N.Y.—Owner. Telephone: 518-677-3154.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

LAKE SUPERIOR FRONTAGE northern Wisconsin, including beautiful 1 bedroom modern, natural log home plus garage and studio. 250' shoreline. $23,500, including furnishings. Winterized. Exquisite natural setting. Photographs available. Write Badger, Box 28, Ashland, Wisconsin.

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GUANAJUATO, MEXICO. September '65-May '66. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, studio, all conveniences, maid. $1,000. Write Apartado 135, Guanajuato (Gto.), Mexico.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. Box N-778.

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CHARMING, ROOMY, CAPE COD home overlooking Little Buttermilk Bay. Private beach. ALSO 3 bedroom house overlooking countryside. Both on private estate with great sense of peace. Available by month or half-month periods August 1st to September 15th. Mrs. H. G. Ingersoll, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts.

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DIRT CHEAP! 350 acres m/l: brook, timber, views, jeep road. Taxes $112. Located Westminster, Vermont. $7,500. Betty Cox, Broker, Saxtons River, Vermont.

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

CAMPS

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

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VACATIONS

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TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—no TV, old-world charm, individualized meals, five guests. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

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PLACE TO UNWIND: Read, stroll, plunder garden, contemplate hills. Box 84, Oneida, New York.

"GREAT THINGS are done when men and mountains meet; This is not done by jostling in the street." Blake. Attitash Lodge, North Conway, New Hampshire. 603-383-6652.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

SEPTEMBER IN COLORADO. Sparkling Indian summer days, golden hillsides, snow-crowned peaks. Can you come? Snowmass Lodge Guest Ranch, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine. View Herrick's Bay. Rooms, Home Cooking.

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STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE YODLER—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

VACATIONS

MANHATTAN SPECIAL VACATION WEEK—Theaters, Hotel, World's Fair, Sightseeing, etc., $85. Write SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1,600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

ONLY THE HOSPITALITY is old fashioned. Private pool, free golf, located in the White Mountains. Bountiful Yankee meals. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

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PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack-trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

WHY NOT THIS SUMMER? . . . Enjoy hobbyist, professional painting and crafts classes, Spanish, writing, history; MFA program. Theater season, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Mexico's finest town! Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

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LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH comfort at TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, N.Y.! No mobs, snobs, or mambos; weekends only; swimming; unforgettable food! 914-MA 8-2047 evenings.

VACATIONS

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM (for young adventurers, 4 to 12). While your parents golf, swim, sun and relax at luxurious Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C., go adventuring with our Youth Activities Director. Attend crabbing parties, cookouts on the beach, hikes along nature trails, exploring plantation ruins. Learn a new craft or swim stroke. Family Vacation Plan includes free day-long supervision for children, 6 days, 5 nights, double room on ocean, breakfasts and dinners, 2 adults, $132 plus minimum charge for children. Write The Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C., for brochure and rates. Or call 803-785-3372.

SEA HORSE COTTAGES. St. Thomas, V.I. Fully equipped, private beach, saltwater pool. For those who wish to study, relax. Maid service available. Brochure.

VACATION PLUS—World Fellowship Center, Conway, N.H. For people of all countries, races, faiths. Inspiring combination of recreation, fellowship, conferences. Beautiful mountain-lake vacation country. Write Dr. Willard Uphaus, Conway, New Hampshire, for details.

STUDIES ABROAD

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TRAVEL

U-PLAN-IT—Unique folders for independent travelers to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Aruba—Jamaica—Nassau—Mexico—and Miami Beach. Includes hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates, restaurants, night life and car rental information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Contact Gramercy Tours, Dept. SR, 444 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022 or your travel agent.

THEATER-LOVERS join Paine Knickerbocker, Drama Critic San Francisco Chronicle, and his wife Nancy on a 21 day Lively Arts Tour of Europe, departing San Francisco or New York September 23rd. Knickerbocker, one of the country's leading theater critics, has planned an exciting itinerary including theater-going in London, Stratford-on-Avon, Paris and Athens plus a one week cruise of the Greek Islands and Istanbul. Price $1,596 includes economy air fare via BOAC VC-10 jet, most meals, hotels, sightseeing, theaters and cruise. Limited group. For details contact Paine Knickerbocker, Suite 501, 47 Kearny Street, San Francisco 8.

"HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH"—$1.50. Double your travel dollar. Returnable—satisfaction guaranteed. Brochure free. Bestseller Books, 40-21S Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO HAWAII**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1966, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1965.

SR's 1964 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Helen G. Russell of Gorham, Maine, professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, 1964 winner of the grand prize for color. Miss Russell won a round-trip to Hong Kong for her picture of a child *in a sampan.*

F. B. Grunzweig, public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat, 1964 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Grunzweig's photograph, taken in Kennedy Airport, won him a round-trip flight to Paris.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1964, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1965, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1966. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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WE HAVE for you a brand new collection of 50 never-before-in-print, delectable, decodable Double-Crostics to tingle the brain, soothe the spirit, inflate the ego, to rainproof your holiday and pass the time in torrid or frigid climes, to solve at home and abroad, to . . .

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Send me.....copies of Double-Crostics #54. Price $1.95 each.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1632

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Musical length of half a stanza of a long-meter hymn (2 wds.)	87 65 186 171 83 168 20 102 180
B. Anything which turns one aside from action through fear of the consequences.	183 172 34 190 64 86 45 154 6
C. Deficient.	13 23 47 93 114 79 55 185 67 135
D. Brilliant musical composition, often for organ, featuring many rapid notes.	72 127 108 2 153 43 148
E. More convenient; more skillful.	61 71 100 167 175 4 188
F. Pertaining to chess.	191 104 145 197 3 44 27 128
G. Responded appropriately to an implication.	116 136 16 163 74 70 39 24
H. More susceptible to the softer passions; sorer.	126 166 48 201 78 7 112 133
I. Small object used as a special support, till recently valuable only as an antique (2 wds.)	200 177 51 66 101 73 29 91
J. Not conformed to truth.	196 147 123 25 164 1 173 117 50
K. Weakly poisonous alkaloid found in yellow and b'ack flowers of a showy sort.	141 110 174 10 53 149 120 18

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Hero's athletic lover.	161 81 89 58 121 99 198
M. Capital of the new Malagasy Republic.	11 122 157 57 19 109 77 22 184 134
N. Namelessness.	94 176 15 33 169 46 103 137 85
O. Forming alkalies (said of the alkali metals).	21 181 84 138 88 32 115 49 156 14
P. Self-controlled; abstinent.	92 82 31 139 119 17 124 93
Q. Lack of confusion or uproar.	182 68 28 38 54 95 60 143 129 106 187 5 165 96
R. Absorption of cells by other cells.	97 12 131 30 35 195 63 113 142
S. Tranio's advice on how to eat and drink "as adversaries do in law" (2 wds.; *Taming of the Shrew*).	132 111 160 90 37 140 41 155 125
T. Flow back as a consequence.	36 107 150 151 162 179 42
U. Given in vassalage.	62 159 50 75 192 146 152 52 59
V. Describing one who obtrudes assistance or services where they are not needed.	199 26 193 158 9 189 178 80 118
W. Queer, extravagant, freakish.	76 130 144 170 40 105 194 8 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 J	2 D	3 F	4 E	5 Q	6 B	7 H	8 W	9 V	10 K	11 M	12 R
	13 C	14 O		15 N	16 G	17 P	18 K	19 M		20 A		21 O	22 M	23 C	24 G		25 J
26 V		27 F	28 Q	29 I	30 R	31 P	32 O	33 N	34 B		35 R	36 T	37 S	38 Q	39 G		40 W
41 S	42 T		43 D	44 F	45 B		46 N	47 C	48 H		49 O	50 U		51 I	52 U	53 K	54 Q
55 C	56 J		57 M	58 L	59 U		60 Q	61 E	62 U		63 R	64 B	65 A	66 I	67 C	68 Q	69 W
70 G	71 E	72 D		73 I	74 G	75 U		76 W	77 M	78 H	79 C	80 V	81 L	82 P	83 A	84 O	85 N
	86 B	87 A	88 O	89 L	90 S	91 I	92 P	93 C		94 N	95 Q		96 Q	97 R	98 P	99 L	100 E
101 I	102 A	103 N	104 F	105 W		106 Q	107 T	108 D	109 M	110 K	111 S	112 H		113 R	114 C	115 O	116 G
117 J	118 V		119 P	120 K	121 L		122 M	123 J	124 P	125 S	126 H	127 D	128 F	129 Q	130 W	131 R	
132 S	133 H	134 M		135 C	136 G	137 N	138 O	139 P	140 S	141 K	142 R		143 Q	144 W	145 F	146 U	147 J
148 D	149 K	150 T		151 T	152 U		153 D	154 B	155 S		156 O	157 M	158 V	159 U	160 S	161 L	162 T
163 G	164 J	165 Q	166 H	167 E		168 A	169 N		170 W	171 A	172 B		173 J	174 K	175 E	176 N	177 I
178 V	179 T	180 A		181 O	182 Q	183 B		184 M	185 C	186 A	187 Q	188 E	189 V	190 B	191 F		192 U
193 V		194 W	195 R	196 J		197 F	198 L	199 V	200 I	201 H							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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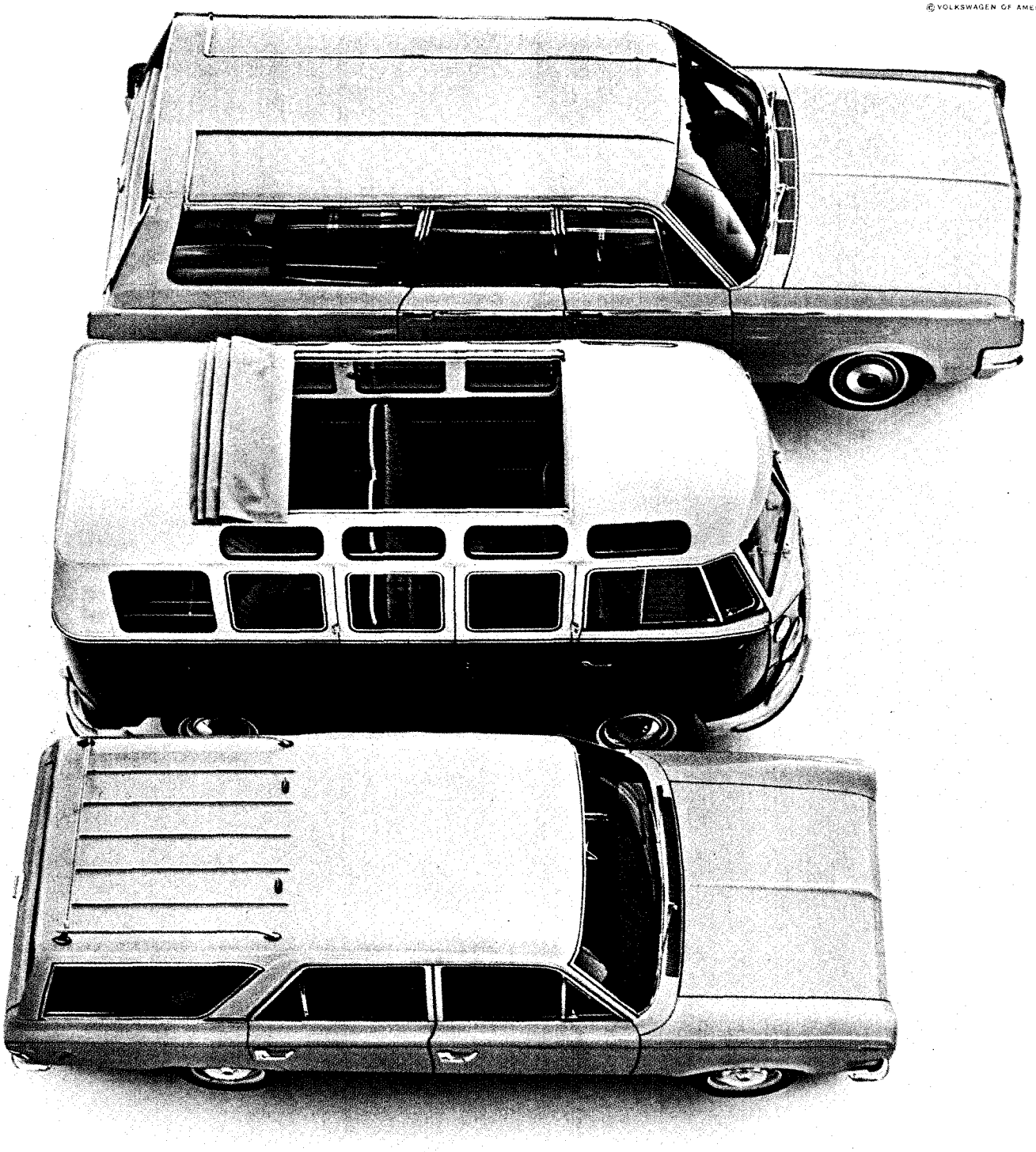

The Volkswagen Station Wagon: Bigger than the biggest, smaller than the smallest.

Even if you own the biggest conventional station wagon made, it holds much less than the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

On the other hand, even if you own the smallest conventional wagon, it's too big to park where a VW can park.

This weird fact can be explained simply enough: The more space you waste, the less you have left.

Conventional wagons waste space by having engines under long hoods in front.

But the Volkswagen engine is neatly out of sight in back. It wastes no space at all.

(That same invisible VW engine gets you about 20 mpg. And it doesn't use water or antifreeze because it's cooled by air.)

The VW Station Wagon holds more in less space because it is box, all box and nothing but box.

If you wanted a regular station wagon that carried as much as a VW Station Wagon, you couldn't do it.

You'd have to buy two of the big ones to carry as much as our little one.

Which is too ridiculous to discuss any further.

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